WAR-TIME ECHOES

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JAMES · HENRY · BROWNLEE · M · A ·

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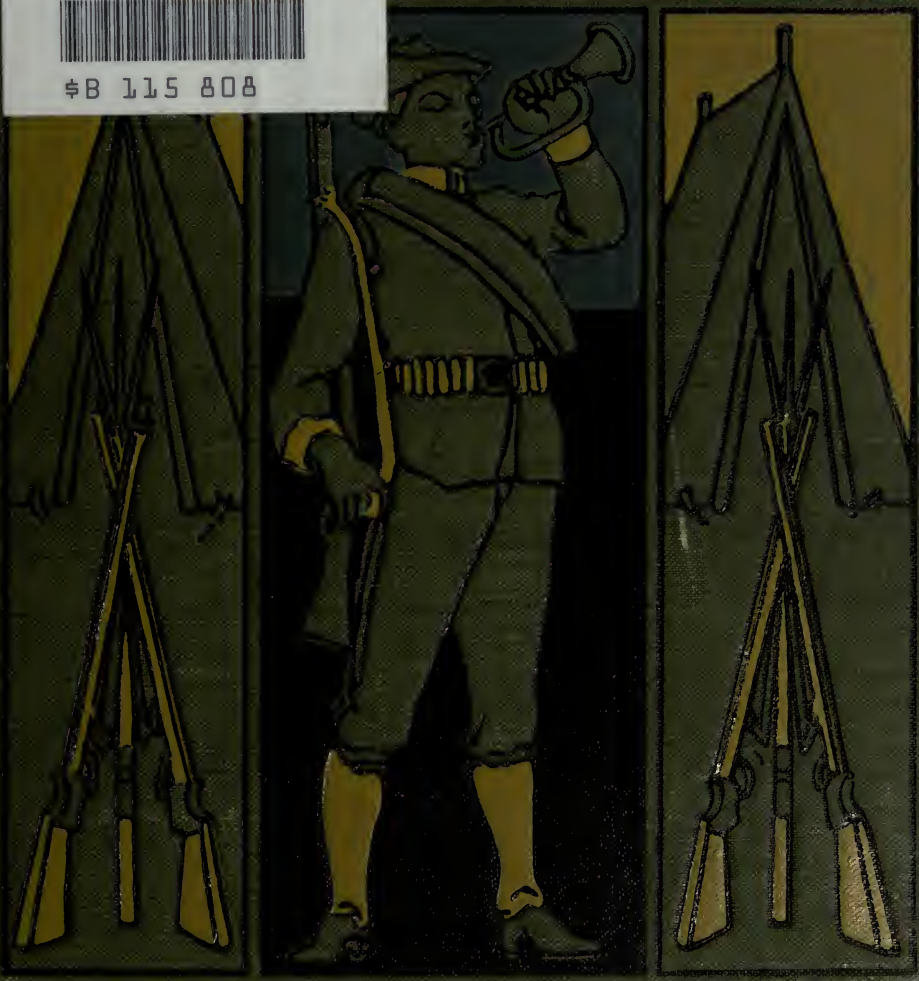

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WAR-TIME ECHOES

PATRIOTIC POEMS
HEROIC AND PATHETIC
HUMOROUS and DIALECTIC
OF THE
SPANISH – AMERICAN WAR

Selected and arranged by
JAMES HENRY BROWNLEE, M.A.
Professor of *Elocution* in the STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS, Compiler of "*Martial Recitations for the Veterans' Camp Fire.*"

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WAR-TIME ECHOES

IN VERSE

HEROIC AND PATHETIC, HUMOROUS AND DIALECTIC, OF THE

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

DEDICATED

TO THE

GENEROUS YOUTH

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BY THE

COMPILER

PREFACE

THE WAR between the United States of America and Spain, which will be known in history as the War for Humanity, lasted only one hundred and thirteen days. Though brief, it was glorious. At the call of the President for volunteers, a million men responded, of whom only one-fourth was required. Such unanimity of patriotic sentiment had never before been exhibited in our history. Party spirit was hushed; men remembered only that they were Americans. Those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray during the great Civil War, now touched fraternal elbows as they fell into rank under the beautiful banner of their common country, while the carping critics of Europe ceased for a time their snarling to marvel at the tremendous spectacle.

The war on our part was little else than a panorama of successes; and every loyal American heart swelled with pride as one splendid scene after another was unrolled. The victory of Dewey and his sailors in Manila Bay; the trapping of Cervera by Sampson and Schley in the bay of Santiago; the daring deed of Hobson and his men; the bold dash of the Spanish Admiral for the open sea, and the utter destruction of his powerful fleet; the victory of Shafter and his heroic soldiers over Toral, and the fall of Santiago;

the triumphal, though arrested conquest of Porto Rico by Miles; the capture of Manila by Dewey and Merritt,—these scenes passed before us in bright succession, and will furnish inspiring themes for the orator and the historian throughout coming time.

And yet, in their happiest flights of description, the orator and the historian may not hope to equal in vividness and beauty the verbal pictures the poets have drawn for us. In this volume, which is a companion to MARTIAL RECITATIONS, every phase of the short, sharp struggle is represented by its best poem. The wreck of the "Maine," the farewell, the camp, the field, the trench, the charge, the sea-fight, the hospital, the soldier's burial, the angels of the Red Cross, the brave wives and mothers, the crowning victory, the soldier's return and his welcome home, — all these the poets have painted for us in words that fairly sparkle, and glow, and burn.

The interest of the present volume springs, of course, from the selections themselves; and praise, if any is due, belongs to the poets herein represented, rather than to the compiler. Borrowing a beautiful figure from Montaigne, he may say,—"I have culled the flowers and furnished the thread that binds them together; but their beauty and fragrance is their own."

This volume, then, cannot fail in interest for every patriot. In the hope that it may receive as warm a welcome as that accorded to MARTIAL RECITATIONS, and that it may foster a deeper love for our country whose past is so glorious and whose future is so promising, this book is sent forth upon its mission.

The compiler's thanks are due to the authors and publishers who have accorded him permission to use

valuable copyright poems as well as to some with whom he has not been able to communicate. He desires especially to acknowledge his obligations to the firm of Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York City, for courtesies extended. In so far as it has been possible, he has indicated the sources of the poems in a note at the close of each selection.

CARBONDALE, ILL., *November 10, 1898.*

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ALPHABET OF THE WAR.

A is for Admiral, impassionate, cold;
Who waits for instructions, and does as he's told.
B stands for "Brooklyn," commanded by Schley;
The hottest of liners he takes on the fly.
C is for Cuba, a tight little isle;
To get which we may have to fight quite a while.
D is — yes, Dewey, a teacher of Spanish;
The first lesson caused all his pupils to vanish.
E stands for Evans, who's never so happy
As when there's a chance to get in something "scrappy."
F is for Freedom, which means a great deal
When your neck has been under a vile Spanish heel.
G is for Germany, whose rude employés
Should learn better manners — be taught to say please.
H stands for Heroes, on land and on sea,
Who laid down their lives for their friends' liberty.
I's for Insurgents, who holler for aid;
Then eat up the rations and loaf in the shade.
J is for Jones, Davy Jones, if you will,
Whose lockers we've twice had occasion to fill.
K stands for King; the young King of Spain,
Who's been led to regret what happened the "Maine."
L is for Long, who has great common sense,
And in whom the people place all confidence.

M's for McKinley; we welcome the fact
That he's handling this matter with very great tact.
N is for Nelson; Nelson A. Miles,
On whom we depend to o'ercome Spanish wiles.
O's for "Oquendo," a powerful cruiser;
But out on a big hunt they managed to lose her.
P's for Porto Rico; the place had some forts,
But no doubt ere this they've been knocked out of sorts.
Q is for Queen, most unhappy of ladies,
Who fears, perhaps rightly, our visit to Cadiz.
R's for Reporters; they're well to the fore,
But they mustn't imagine they're running this war.
S is for Shafter, a man of great girth,
In spite of which fact he is proving his worth.
T stands for Toral, whose acted campaign
Was played for the gallery over in Spain.
U is for Union, the only cement
To strengthen a state and disruptions prevent.
V's for "Vizcaya"; she made a great show,
But, proving a nuisance, we sent her below.
W is for Wainwright, whose motto must be,
"The greater the odds, the better for me."
X is the cross that is put against Spain,
And means that she's out of the Blue Book again.
Y's for the Youngsters that sneaked to the front,
And gave their poor mammas no end of a hunt.
Z's for the Zeal that has hall-marked this fight;
This quality wins when stamped upon right.

— *Boston Transcript.*

CUBA LIBRE.

[A Prophecy Made Eighteen Years Ago.]

Comes a cry from Cuban water,
From the warm, dusk Antilles,
From the lost Atlanta's daughter,
Drowned in blood as drowned in seas;
Comes a cry of purpled anguish—
See her struggles, hear her cries!
Shall she live, or shall she languish?
Shall she sink or shall she rise?

Shall she rise by all that's holy!
Shall she live and shall she last;
Rise as we, when crushed and lonely,
From the blackness of the past?
Bid her strike! Lo! It is written
Blood for blood and life for life.
Bid her smite as she is smitten;
Stars and stripes were born for strife.

Once we flashed her lights of freedom,
Lights that dazzled her dark eyes
Till she could but yearning heed them,
Reach her hands and try to rise.
Then they stabbed her, choked her, drowned her;
Ah! these rustling chains that bound her!
Oh! these robbers at her throat!

And the land that forged these fetters?
Ask five hundred years of news.

Stake and thumbscrew for their betters?
Inquisitions! Banished Jews!
Chains and slavery! What reminder
Of one red man in that land?
Why, these very chains that bind her
Bound Columbus, foot and hand!

She shall rise as rose Columbus,
From his chains, from shame and wrong—
Rise as morning, matchless, wondrous—
Rise as some rich morning song—
Rise a ringing song and story,
Valor, Love personified?
Stars and stripes espouse her glory,
Love and Liberty allied.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

★ ★ ★

GOMEZ TO BLANCO.

[In answer to Blanco's proposition, January, 1898, that for riches and a ship to carry him from Cuba, he should abandon the struggle for liberty.]

Can honor for gold be bartered? Are treason and truth at one?
How dare you debase my purpose with a proffer that shames the sun!
God pardon me now for believing a just thought left to Spain,
And help us to grander effort our glorious object to gain.

A ship to bear me from Cuba! Riches for all my life!—
Are you mad? The world would not tempt me to turn from this patriot strife.
I, who through darkness and anguish, see ever before me shine
Cuba resplendent with freedom, and count it a vision divine!
Do you think I forget Francisco, my son, the soul of my soul,
Slain by a Spanish assassin ere yet we were nearing the goal?

Aye, and the host of the valiant, slaughtered, imprisoned, betrayed,
While the peaks and the palms and the winds alone know where their bones are laid?
But the isle they died to rescue, their reverent shrine shall be,
And her circling waves will lull them with a song of victory.

A ship for some far-off haven? 'Tis you who should seek retreat
Where the storms of indignation and scorn less fiercely beat!
You stand in the lonely shadow of the pride and despair of Spain;
Before me hope is glowing; and the best of earth are fain
To hail the bright flag waving above our Cuba free;—
God bless her dauntless heroes! that day we soon shall see.

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

ON THE EVE OF WAR.

O God of Battles, who art still
The God of Love, the God of Rest,
Subdue Thy people's fiery will,
And quell the passions in their breast!
Before we bathe our hands in blood
We lift them to the Holy Rood.

The waiting nations hold their breath
To catch the dreadful battle cry;
And in the silence as of death
The fateful hours go softly by.
O hear Thy people where they pray,
And shrive our souls before the fray!

Before the sun of peace shall set,
We kneel apart a solemn while;
Pity the eyes with sorrow wet,
But pity most the lips that smile.
The night comes fast; we hear afar
The baying of the wolves of war.

Not lightly, O not lightly, Lord,
Let this our awful task begin;
Speak from Thy throne a warning word
Above the angry factions' din.
If *this* be Thy most holy will,
Be with us still—be with us still!

—*Danske Dandridge, in The Independent.*

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

WHAT is the voice I hear
On the wind of the western sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a people proud and free.

And it says to them: "Kinsman, hail!
We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong.
And our friendship last long as love doth last, and be stronger than death is strong."

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
And blood of the selfsame clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as none but freemen can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle, and rose,
And the Star Spangled Banner unfurl with these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,

The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong young land, and we are
lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale;
"We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a worn-out tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last and be
stronger than death is strong."

—*Alfred Austin, Poet-Laureate of England.*

★ ★ ★

A VISION OF RECONCILEMENT.

From "Harper's Weekly." Copyright, 1898, Harper and Brothers.

MEN OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE:—

ACROSS a thousand leagues of sea
Ye may not parley face to face,
But yet your generous hearts are free
To interchange a generous thought;
Or else in vain your splendid seers
Have to their listening brethren sought
To teach the lesson of the years.

This is the hour of human stress;
Surging against the clanging door
Of doom bewildered millions press
Together on a dwindling floor,
Where still the elemental war
Is waged between the Day and Night;

The powers that aid, the powers that bar
Their struggling fellows from the light.
Oppugnant forces on the earth
Have set humanity at stake;
Here Liberty is choked at birth;
There Freedom bids the soul awake.

All are involved, for none may shun
That issue, and mankind can mark
How some are turning to the sun
And some are huddling in the dark.
And some are trampling others down,
And some are hurling others back;
Here a new nation wins renown;
There drifts a dynasty to wrack.
And closer, as the narrowing space
Drives each upon the other, grows
The grip of wrestling race with race,
The grapple of instinctive foes.

What course to take? What cause espouse?
Self-interest or common weal?
Madman or saint alone avows
What steadier intellects but feel.

Yet, by the things that make you great
The wrath that stirs you at the cry
Of freemen overborne; your hate
Of wrong; your scorn of treachery,
Ye stand engaged at Tyranny
To strike; earth's fallen to uplift;
Are ye not heirs of Liberty
And stewards of her priceless gift?

'Tis not for nothing in your veins
The ichor of the Viking runs
That bids you firmly grasp the reins
Of rule, bequeathing to your sons
A birthright of supremacy
By deep deserving strongly stayed;
No germ of fatuous ecstasy,
But on the prime foundation laid.
Ye are the vanguard of the bright
Battalions of progressive Time;
March onward, upward to the light;
Fulfil your destiny sublime
To be the marshallers of Peace
And Progress in their blest career;
From Ignorance to wrest release;
To vanquish Enmity and Fear.

Mine eyes may not behold it, but
Some day shall rise a nobly planned
Valhalla where with Farragut
Shall Collingwood and Nelson stand.
The stars and stripes and crosses flaunt
Their mingled blazons through the dome
Where Wellington shall welcome Grant,
Sherman and Wolfe shall find a home.
There, Freedom's sleepless warder, shall
His wings a mighty Eagle spread
Above that fane; within that hall
A Lion guards the sacred dead.
And highest in that House of Fame
Shall stand Virginia's deathless son;
And England write her noblest name
After the name of Washington.

—*Edward McQueen Gray.*

MANSFIELD'S EAGLE SONG.

The lioness whelped and the sturdy cub
Was seized by an eagle and carried up
And homed for a while in an eagle's nest,
And slept for a while on an eagle's breast.
And the eagle taught it the eagle's song:
"To be stanch and valiant and free and strong!"

The lion whelp sprang from the aerie nest,
From the lofty crag where the queen birds rest;
He fought the king on the spreading plain,
And drove him back o'er the foaming main.

He held the land as a thrifty chief,
And reared his cattle and reaped his sheaf.
Nor sought the help of a foreign hand,
Yet welcomed all to his own free land!

Two were the sons that the country bore
To the northern lakes and the southern shore,
And chivalry dwelt with the southern son,
And industry lived with the northern one.

Tears for the time when they broke and fought!
Tears was the price of the union wrought!
And the land was red in a sea of blood,
Where brother for brother had swelled the flood!

And now that the two are one again,
Behold on their shield the word — refrain!

And the lion cubs twain sing the eagle's song;
"To be stanch and valiant and free and strong!"
For the eagle's beak and the lion's paw,
And the lion's fangs and the eagle's claw,
And the eagle's swoop and the lion's might,
And the lion's leap and the eagle's sight
Shall guard the flag with the word "refrain,"
Now that the two are one again!

Here's to a cheer for the Yankee ships!
And "Well done, Sam!" from the mother's lips!

—*Richard Mansfield.*

★ ★ ★

THE SAXONS.

We sing the fame of the Saxon name,
And the spell of its world-wide power,
Of its triumphs vast in the glorious past,
And the might of the rising hour;
And our bosoms glow, for we proudly know,
With the flag of Right unfurled,
That the strength and skill of the Saxon will
Is bound to rule the world.

And we glory not in the empty thought
That the Saxon arm is strong,
Nor alone to know, tho' 'tis surely so,
That the seas to her belong.
But this our pride, with Wrong defied,
And the sin-cloud backward hurled,
That the word of God, our triumph rod,
Is bound to rule the world.

In days of yore from the Saxon shore
Our sea-born fathers came,
They conquered then by the might of men,
And sword, and spear, and flame;
But to us 'tis given by the voice of heaven,
With the peace flag far unfurled,
In our union's might, by the power of Right,
To rule, 'neath God, the world.

In the olden time there were deeds sublime,
And dear-bought victories won;
For the hearts were true on the heaving blue,
Or behind the fortress gun;
And they championed Right in their rising might
With their war-flags old unfurled;
Yea, Wrong went down 'neath the Saxon frown,
But its smile shall rule the world.

And perchance of old, if the truth be told,
There were brother hearts estranged;
But the wound is healed and the friendship sealed,
As the years have upward ranged.
Let the tale of wrong, now dead so long,
With the old war-flags be furled;
For a peace sublime, in the coming time,
Is bound to rule the world.

'Tis a mighty dower, this earth-wide power,
And a mighty task involves;
With our hearts steel-true, let us hold in view
The might of our high resolves;
Let us stand for right in our race's might,
With our fearless flag unfurled;
For the might of Love from our God above
Is bound to rule the world.

—*William R. Wood in Montreal Witness.*

THE SHOW.

From "Harper's Weekly." Copyright, 1898, Harper and Brothers.

"Come in, come in!" the Showman cries;
And touts with clattering, fleshless jaws.
"My panorama edifies,
My portraits catch even Hell's applause.
I've store of paintings praised Below,
With scenes to make Friend Satan vain.
But none such mastery can show
As these — the ghastly art of Spain.

"From burning homes, from screw and rack,
See Jewish maids and graybeards flee;
With branded brow and livid back,
The pillaged Moors attain the sea.
And, pray, admire these dungeons grim,
That stake, those robes with tongues of flame!
They wrought their work as serving Him
A Torquemada dared to name.

"Roll on, my show! Dark Alva here,
My apt lieutenant, sullen stands —
Stranger to mercy as to fear —
Apollyon of the Netherlands.
And there, toward helpless England's shore,
The dread Armada glides, ill-starred;
My harvest had been thousands more
Had Ireland's reefs forgot their guard!

"Ho, for the New World! Knife in hand,
Their victims gasping at their feet,
See false Menendez and his band,
Their master-butchery complete.

In tortures that a fiend might dread,
Lo! shrieking Incas gold upyield.
And look! The Spanish Main runs red,
The Spanish pirates' booty-field.

"Now note what horrors choice I have;
The Eastern Indies' story rare.
The blazing hut, the ravished slave
Define the Spaniard's fostering care.
And, next, baptized with sister-name,
The Western Isles present their ring,
By Spanish crime, for Spanish shame,
A record filled to festering!

"And last I show thee, blackened star,
Gem of the Antilles' coronet!
Age, thou art shamed! Not peace, not war,
Hath made the Spaniard human yet!
Scourged — prostrate — with thy strangled cry,
I, Death, have seemed thy friend — of all!
Despair not! In the darkening sky
Justice and vengeance wait to fall!"

— *E. Irenæus Stevenson.*

★ ★ ★

WAR.

WHAT worse you ask than ruthless war —
Sunk ships, stormed cities, states down-hurled —
The thundrous hammer-strokes of Thor
That crash the rock ribs of the world?

What worse than horrid war? Oh, cease
The coward cry; is not the curse
Of vile and ignominious peace
Bought with the price of honor, worse?

What worse than war? A sullied fame;
The scoff of heroes and the scorn
Of history and song; the shame—
The taint—corrupting sons unborn.

Better is war than sordid gain
Wrung from the servile; better far
Than manhood lost and virtue slain,
Is war, war, everlasting war!

Alas! I, too, lament the woe
That war must bring—the blood, the tears;
Yet Right, to vanquish Wrong, I know
Must oft beat pruning hooks to spears.

When fallen Liberty's sweet breast
Throbs bare below the Spaniard's knife,
Pause not to drool of worst or best—
First save the bleeding victim's life.

Two strokes sublime Columbia's hand
Hath dealt in war—one stroke to save
From foreign sway our native land,
One stroke to free the negro slave.

Now, once again, the great sword awes
The despot—flames o'er land and sea—
A volunteer in Cuba's cause:
Spain falls and Cuba rises free!

—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.*

THE AWAKENING.

We have dreamed, but the dream is ended;
We are facing the world awake;
And the Past and the Future blended
Make true what the ages spake.

'Tis the love of a nation's glory
That gleameth to-day as then,
When the deeds of an epic story
Were done by heroic men.

Could we dream, with a people crying
For aid from our mighty store;
Could we dream, with a million dying
Unfed at our very door?

Could we dream, while the sound of weeping,
For heroes who fell betrayed,
Was heard where the brave lay sleeping
In graves that were newly made?

Nay, the shadows and visions vanish,
'Tis honor, not peace that we hold,
While over the flag of the Spanish
The flag of the free is unrolled.

And this is the hour of the doing,
And the end of it all is not yet;
But even our love is renewing
Of liberty — lest we forget.

— *From the Aetna.*

A VOICE FROM THE WRECK OF THE "MAINE."

REMEMBER, remember the "Maine," but not for cheap vengeance or hate,
Because it is right that the patriot's might, with a purpose enduring and great,
Should see and decree that all tyrants should be blotted out by the finger of fate.

The stricken ship went to her doom, her braves to their death in the deep,
While the hand of some coward set free the dread spark, making fatherless stricken ones weep.
But the heart of a nation awoke to their woes, and its stern justice never shall sleep.

From out the steel coffin thus made, the life of a people shall come —
The corpses of sailors protest, though to dull ears their pale lips be dumb —
And out from that silence of death came the throb of the stirring war drum.

The steel of the once stately ship lies low, covered o'er by the sea,
But the steel of the machetes shall flash, and their death-stroke make patriots free;
Not vain was the wreck of the "Maine," when Fate's forces awoke at its plea.

Each rivet which rusts is a bolt, a thunderbolt stirring the land,
The wreck is a plea against wrong which the sea whispers low to the sand,
Or thunders in anger and power, with the force of a curse or command.

And our neighboring nation awoke from the ease of its prosperous dream —
The stars blazed anew on its flag, there was war in its eagle's shrill scream —
The thunder roared out from its guns, the lightnings flash where its swords gleam.

No longer in selfish repose does the giant of liberty lie,
On the shores of Fair Cuba to-day his beacons blaze up to the sky,
Where minions of tyrants at bay were forced to do battle and die.

And the few sons and daughters of toil whom famine and outrage have spared,
And the warriors of freedom who there the might of the Spaniard had dared,
Thanked God and took courage anew as Columbia her war sinews bared.

So Liberty marches apace to her triumphs majestic and grand,
The voices of heralds of hope ring high o'er the desolate land,
Glad-eyed in the dawn of the day the slaves of Hispania stand.

Where Dewey's guns bade foes begone from the isles
of the Philippine Sea,
Where West Indian fetters have clanked for ages their
pitiful plea,
In a voice wreathed with flame, God proclaims the
stricken slaves yet shall be free.

Remember the men on the "Maine"; but not for
cheap vengeance or hate,
Their death was a plea to which God, compassionate,
loving, and great,
Responded and bade us obey, His sons and His serv-
ants of fate.

— *I. Edgar Jones.*

★ ★ ★

"FLOOD THE GUN COTTON."

"Flood the gun cotton!" Stern command,
But sterner far the dire demand.
"Flood the gun cotton!" in voice clear,
This the order three sailors hear,
On the quiv'ring "Maine."

Already one shock, echoing loud,
Shook the vessel, majestic, proud;
While parting beams, bursting sides,
Open the gates to flooding tides,
To the stricken "Maine."

Like facing the gate, open wide,
Of roaring Hades' flaming tide.

To obey that order, and go
Down through the hatch, to certain woe,
To death on the "Maine."

"Flood the gun cotton!" Will these three
Obey the command, though it be
Certain death in the vessel's hold?
Craven are they, or heroes bold,
On the shattered "Maine"?

See! See! Not a halt or a frown!
With salute, and "Aye, aye, sir!" down
They speed to waiting doom, alack!
For, sick'ning thought, not one came back
From the sunken "Maine."

"Heroes!" you say? Yes, every one!
Honors immortal each has won,
By quick reply, without delay,
And saving scores of lives that day
From death on the "Maine."

Would that the record kept on high,
Such deeds heroic, such prompt reply
To each command of God, might show,
As marked those "tars" who went below
On the fated "Maine"!

—*Chaplain D. R. Lowell, D.D.*

NEMESIS.

THE "MAINE."

She glided on her peaceful quest,
What though her starry flag might bear
To some a silent, stern behest,
To some a breath of freedom's air;
Then in her berth a stately guest
Slept, trustful, in that alien lair.

But what are bulkheads, fashioned well,
And what are sides and decks of steel,
Or cunning dialhands to tell,
Through night and day, of woe or weal,
When human hearts can league with hell
And sow volcanoes 'neath a keel?

So by a deed whose blackness made
The night it chose seem white beside,
Struck in the dark by coward blade,
The knightly "Maine" leapt once and died—
A name to make a throne afraid,
A wreck that moaned beneath the tide!

THE "OREGON."

But o'er the land the tidings swept,
And death-cries quivered through the wire;
Down in the hold the engines leapt,
The coal sprang eager to the fire,

And never slacked and never slept
The sister war ship's grim desire!

With patient throbs that never wane
A continent's long coast is won;
That nearing death-smoke on the main
Shall teach the lesson to the Don,
That he who strikes a blow at "Maine,"
Shall reckon yet with "Oregon"!

Ah! when her helm goes hard aport,
And all her broadside speaks in fire,
And from the proudly floating fort
The cheers ring out with brave desire,
That sound shall shake a trembling court
And thrill Havana's sunken pyre!

—*C. H. Crandall.*

★ ★ ★

THE RUSH OF THE "OREGON."

They held her south to Magellan's mouth,
Then east they steered her, forth
Through the farther gate of the crafty strait,
And then they held her north.

Six thousand miles to the Indian Isles!
And the "Oregon" rushed home,
Her wake a swirl of jade and pearl,
Her bow a bend of foam.

In the glimmered gloom of the engine room
There was joy to each grimy soul,

And fainting men sprang up again
And heaped the blazing coal.

Good need was there to go with care;
But every sailor prayed
Or gun for gun or six to one
To meet them, unafraid.

Her goal at last! With joyous blast
She hailed the welcoming roar
Of hungry sea wolves curved along
The strong-hilled Cuban shore.

Long nights went by. Her beamed eye
Unwavering searched the bay
Where, trapped and penned, for a certain end,
The Spanish squadron lay.

Out of the harbor a curl of smoke —
And a watchful gun rang clear,
Out of the channel the squadron broke
Like a bevy of frightened deer.

Then there was shouting for "steam, more steam,"
And fires glowed white and red,
And guns were manned and ranges planned,
And the great ships leaped ahead.

Then there was roaring of chorusing guns,
Shatter of shell and spray,
And who but the rushing "Oregon"
Was fiercest in chase and fray?

For her mighty wake was a seething snake
Her bow was a billow of foam;

Like the mailed fist of an angry wight
Her shot drove crashing home.

Pride of the Spanish navy, ho!
Flee like a hounded beast!
For the ship of the Northwest strikes a blow
For the ship of the far Northeast.

In quivering joy she surged ahead,
Aflame with flashing bars,
Till down sunk the Spaniard's gold and red
And up ran the Clustered Stars.

Desperate dash and daring rash
Are grand in peace and war,
But the calm, deep hate that can plan and wait,
Is deadlier by far.

Glory to share? Aye, and to spare;
But the chiefest is hers by right
Of a rush of fourteen thousand miles
For the chance of a bitter fight.

—*Arthur Guiterman in New York Times.*

★ ★ ★

UNION JACK.

Above the peak of the ship it flies,
Between the blue of the seas and skies;
The sailor's pride, and the sailor's shroud.
It sweeps the edge of the silver cloud,
It feels the wing of the albatross,
The loop of the lightning's fiery floss,

And the ocean spray and the tempest rack
Are caught in the folds of the Union Jack.

The boy has turned from the lights of home
To gaze away o'er the sheeted foam;
Where the flag of the rover ripples dark
From stately cruiser or saucy bark.
His pulses thrill to the smell of tar,
And the dip and the dance of a slender spar.
Though the waves are sullen, and skies are black,
He follows the stars of the Union Jack.

In the freshening winds of the early morn,
The sailor lad to the deck is borne;
Sewed in a sail for a winding sheet,
With a cannon ball at the head and feet,
And a murmured prayer from the captain's lip,
He plunges down from the speeding ship
To a coral grave in her shining track,
With a pall and a shroud of the Union Jack.

It is woven through with the pain and strife,
The sorrows and joys of a sailor's life;
Dark with the blue of the lonely deep,
Bright with the stars that never sleep.
The salty breath of the brine it holds;
The smoke of battle has dimmed its folds,
And around the seas of the world and back
Glimmer the stars of the Union Jack.

—*Minna Irving.*

OLD GLORY.

Flag of a thousand battles,
Beautiful flag of the free;
Waving from lake to ocean,
Waving from sea to sea;

Outward and seaward ever,
Daring the restless wave;
Upward and skyward ever,
Pride of the true and brave.

Old Glory, Old Glory, the world awaits thy story,
Float on, float ever on, o'er land and sea,
Old Glory, Old Glory, the world awaits thy story;
Float on, float on, thou emblem of the free.

Flag of a thousand battles,
Cresting the billows of fire;
Whelming established evils,
Raising the lowly higher;

Challenging ancient error,
Silencing tyranny dumb,
Gladdening and inspiring
Hope for the years to come!

Old Glory, Old Glory, the world awaits thy story;
Float on, float ever on, o'er land and sea;
Old Glory, Old Glory, the world awaits thy story;
Float on, float on, thou emblem of the free.

— *Ironquill.*

★ ★ ★

SPAIN.

A SCARRED old snarling lion, with scraggy, tattered mane,
His claws and teeth all broken, lies the ancient realm of Spain;
With the thirst for blood still on him, and still with hungry maw,
He rends poor bleeding Cuba, prostrate there beneath his paw.
He's a fierce and famed man-eater, and from early days of yore,
Has ravaged many an island, wasted many a teeming shore,
And the victims number millions whom his strength has overpowered,
Whom with ravening, bloody slaughter he has mangled and devoured;
But his roar grows faint and hollow, and a hunter from the West
Will snatch away fair Cuba, with her torn and bleeding breast,
And send him howling, limping, reviled of gods and men,
Back to growl, midst bones and darkness, in his mediæval den.

— *New York Tribune.*

THE SMITHVILLE VOLUNTEER.

THAT feller there who's sunburnt so? You don't
know him, you say.
It's mighty evident, my friend, you jist arrived to-day.
"Corn Stalk's" the name he goes by, lives jist up
the road a bit.
That bandage 'round his arm? Why, there is where
the Mauser hit.
You want to git acquainted? Well, I 'low that he
won't keer.
I'm rather proud, myself, to know the Smithville
volunteer.

Know him? Sence he wuz a kid — the Smithville
folks, you see,
Ain't much on makin' when it comes to makin' his-
tory.
O' course, they're great on thinkin', and they wuzn't
ary one
But what knowed jist adzackly how the fightin' should
be done,
'Cept "Corn Stalk" — he admitted that he didn't
know or keer —
'P'r'aps that is the reason why he's Smithville's
volunteer.

No, didn't come o' fightin' stock — his daddy allus
took
To coon dogs — when he didn't he wuz baitin' up a
hook;

En "Corn Stalk" had a leetle hankerin' fer coon
dogs, too;
But it hadn't gone so fur, you see, that it had gone
clean thro'.
He jist stepped on the fast express — the one that
fetched you here —
En went up en enlisted ez the Smithville volun-
teer.

We kinder smiled about it — we wuz there to see
him start.
The idee of him fightin'! Why, there wuzn't ary
part
O' fightin' in him — tender-hearted cuss ez ever
wuz.
One day his folks went hungry fer a Sunday dinner,
cuz
He wouldn't kill the chicken — so you see we didn't
keer
To lay claim to a hero in the Smithville volunteer.

We had purt' nigh fergot him, 'till the news got
spread aroun'
That there wuz another hero that wuz born right
here in town.
No name wuz mentioned, but they said that he wuz
tall en slim,
En homely ez a worter dog — we knowed that it
wuz him.
En when we heerd his hair wuz red, the fack wuz
mighty clear,
We knowed ez sure ez blazes 'twas the Smithville
volunteer.

His arm? It's hangin' loose, you see — he got that
the fust day.
Ez I said, a Mauser came along — his arm wuz in
the way.
They ordered him to fall back to the rear, but nary
fall;
He jist jumped in the fightin' line a-leadin' of 'em all.
They say the fellers kinder stopped their fightin' fur
to cheer.
That wuzn't bad, you understan', fer Smithville's
volunteer.

The smoke wuz all aroun' him up the hills in clouds
o' blue.
They knowed 'twuz him, cuz they could see his red
hair gleamin' thro'.
They seen him fightin' all alone, en that's jist why
the air
Along the fightin' line jist rolled with cheers a-ringin'
there.
Yes, that's him yer a-lookin' at — the very same — en
we're
A-bustin' out with honor fer the Smithville volun-
teer.

There wuz a lot o' fellers that fit jist ez brave that
day;
The country's loaded with 'em, ez I'm mighty proud
to say.
It wuzn't much — but "Corn Stalk" — well, we never
thought that he
Would start the fellers cheerin' — didn't know him,
you kin see.

You want to git acquainted? Well, I 'low that he won't keer,
So come along en shake the han' o' Smithville's volunteer.

— *Edward Singer, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

★ ★ ★

AN OLD WAR-HORSE.

He gits roun' now on jest one peg
Ter beat the very lan'!
Thank God, he's only got one leg—
They won't take my ol' man.
(He lost that leg in our last war,
But I could never tell whut fer!)

I sets an' sees him hobblin' roun'—
They's sojers passin' through,
An' "Dixie's" wakin' up the town;
An' "Yankee Doodle," too.
I hears him holler: "Hip, hooray!"
(Thank God, they can't take him away!)

He seen his fightin' days; he went
With Jackson an' with Lee;
An' now he's come ter be content
Ter set roun' home with me.
He's lost one leg. That's gone fer shore—
Thank God, he'll never lose no more!

But when the ban' plays "Dixie"—My!
It sets him wild ag'in!

He cheers the boys a-trompin' by,
An' wants ter j'ine in!
But I — I sez: "Come, that'll do!
They don't want one-leg folks like you."

So let 'em fight from left ter right
All over sea an' lan';
I thank the Lord by day an' night
They won't take my ol' man!
He's lost one leg. That's gone fer shore —
Thank God, he'll never lose no more!

— *Atlanta Constitution.*

* * *

HUMORS OF WAR TIME.

THE RECRUIT.

Dey 'list me in de army,
Dey marchin' me away;
I gwine 'long ter Cuba
Whar all de Spaniels stay.

My chillun, don't you cry fer me —
My wife tu'n loose my han'!
I gwine ter set de Cubans free —
I'm a sojer — sojer man!

My musket on my shoulder,
My canteen by my side;
I wish you ax de guvment
Ter gimme a mule to ride!

— *Frank L. Stanton.*

A MOTHER'S OFFERING

Go, AT thy country's call,
Whatever gentle bonds may hold thee here,
Whatever tender claims may seem more dear,
Thy duty — first of all.

Go! And God guard thy way —
Through all the dangers of the night,
Through pain and peril — to the dawning light
Of peaceful day.

Go! Thy young heart is brave,
Battle for right with all thy strength and will,
Shouldst thou not triumph, thou at least can fill
A soldier's grave.

Go! If the cause be won,
On the bright record free of stain or blot
Thy name shall shine forever; but if not,
God's will be done!

Go! I can say adieu
As gladly as a greeting home to thee,
And look my last through smiles, if thou wilt be
Firm, brave, and true.

Go! my one child! my joy —
Unto his country for whatever fate,
By these last tears, O Heaven! I consecrate
My only boy!

— *Madeline S. Bridges, in Leslie's Weekly.*

THE RECRUIT'S SOLILOQUY.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
How I used to sit and scold
When, on getting down to breakfast,
I would find the coffee cold;
How I used to turn my nose up
If the steak was done too rare—
But, oh, for home and mother,
And the dear old bill of fare.

I remember, I remember,
How I always would upbraid
Myself for eating rarebits
That my little sweetheart made!
How I used to worry over
My digestion night and day,
And the pills I used to punish
To drive fancied ills away.

I remember, I remember,
How I used to sit and scoff,
When I fancied that the butter
Must be "just a little off";
How I scorned the lowly biscuits
That my sister used to make!
And the things I said concerning
Her attempts at jelly cake!

Oh, it may be childish weakness
That possesses me, but I
Would give a whole month's wages
For one piece of mother's pie,

And I think that I'd be willing
To walk twenty miles to-day
Just for one of those dear doughnuts
That I used to throw away.

—*Cleveland Leader.*

★ ★ ★

RECRUITS.

THE old disputes are passed away;
But there are heroes still
As bold as they to seek the fray
An' feel the battle thrill.
Reprove their hungerin' for fame—
But own, when all is done,
That boys of '98's the same
As boys of '61.

It ain't no use ter stan' an' chide,
When war is in the air.
You waste yer efforts to deride
Their talk of bein' there.
Remember, when ye sort o' blame
The way their feelin's run,
That boys of '98's the same
As boys of '61.

It makes ye sad ter see them chaps
So eager fur a foe,
'Twould make ye sorryer, perhaps,
If they were 'fraid ter go.
Ye tell 'em war's a dang'rous game;
That murder's in each gun—
But boys of '98's the same
As boys of '61.

—*Washington Star.*

A SOLDIER'S HEART.

WHERE is the heart of a soldier,
His thought, his hope, and his dream,
When the rifles ring and the bullets sing
And the flashing sabres gleam?
Oh! not in the field of battle,
But far and far away,
His heart is living the old, old hopes,
While his sword is red in the fray.

Where is the heart of a soldier,
And what do the bugles wake,
And what does the roar of the cannon mean
When the hills beneath them shake?
Oh! not for him the glory,
And the dash and crash of war,
But his heart is away on a mission gay
Where they hear no cannon roar!

And there is the heart of a soldier—
A little home on the hill,
A white-faced woman, a little child,
That stand by the window-sill;
A little song and a little prayer,
And a wonder in the face,
And a "God save papa and bring him back
In the goodness of Thy grace!"

And there is the heart of a soldier—
Not on the field of fight,
But steeped in the dream of a saddened home
Where a window keeps its light,

That a soldier's feet may keep the path
And his way may homeward lead,
When under the flag of the freedom-land
He has wrought the hero's deed.

Yea, there is the heart of a soldier,
Where wife and baby are.
Though his eyes and his will may follow
The light of the battle star;
Though his hand may swing the sabre,
And his bayonet charge the foe,
The soldier's heart is away, away,
In the home where they miss him so!

— *Baltimore News.*

★ ★ ★

WHEN JOHNNY GETS HIS GUN.

When Uncle Sam calls out his boys
To go and fight for him,
They drop their books and tools and toys
To get in fighting trim;
They leave their farms to shoulder arms,
From the shops and the streets they come,
To the rat-tat-tat, and the rat-tat-tat,
The beat of the rolling drum.

With its—
Johnny get your gun, get your gun, gun,
gun, gun;
You, too, Johann, with your sword and your
song,

Come along Jan, and you, Giovan',
Jean and Ivan, come along, come along,
Come along, come along, come along!

From North and South and East and West,
All of them boys in blue,
They fight for the flag that they now love best,
No matter what flag they knew;
With a joyful shout they march away,
Not as the driven dumb,
Brothers in deed and in arms are they,
As they follow the rolling drum.

Each rat-tat-tat of the rolling beat
Is a heart-beat all their own,
They feel a music in their feet
That they never yet have known;
They walk in the air, and glittering there
See medals and swords for some—
And never a soul in that clamorous roll
Hears the beat of a muffled drum.

For its—
Johnny get you gun, get your gun, gun, gun, gun,
You, too, Johann with your sword and your song,
Come along Jan, and you, Giovan',
Jean and Ivan, come along, come along,
Come along, come along, come along!

—*John Paul Bocock, in the New York Sun.*

THE MAKING OF A SOLDIER.

Joe Jerry hoed in a stony field,
Under a sweltering sun.
The boy and the rock and the native weed
Fought for the life in a battered seed,
And the struggle was just begun.

"Get out of the mud and follow me,"
Said the man with the better clothes.
"Against you are vermin and drought and frost;
You will anger nature with labor lost—
Come where a fair wind blows."

But the boy digged on in the stony field,
With the struggle barely begun.
"I put the seed in this ground," said he;
"I think I had better stay and see
Whatever may be done."

Joe Jerry quarried and placed the stones,
And fitted the timbers true.
Then his neighbors came, with fevered eyes;
"Gold—pans of gold—just there it lies!
Shall we wait a day for you?"

A soft voice rifted the evening calm,
Singing the death of day,
A tired child came and went with a kiss;
"I have a wife and a home—and this;
I think I had better stay."

"War! On to war!"—and the cry came near—
"There is honor, or fame, for all!"
"I have a dying wife and these;
I shall stay with them if God so please."
But he went at the second call.

"Come on!" they cried. "It's death to wait!"
His face was bleeding and grim;
He picked a rifle out of the dirt
And answered simply: "The captain's hurt,
I think I'll stay with him."

—Frederick Brush, in the New York Sun.

★ ★ ★

GOD BLESS OUR GALLANT BOYS IN BLUE!

THEY'RE marching o'er the sunny land,
They're sweeping o'er the surging sea,
Our brothers true, as brave a band,
As ever fought to make men free.
Our own dear lads, so brave and true—
God bless our gallant boys in blue!

Our hearts go with them, as they go,
Our prayers to God for them arise,
Our songs are choked for tears that flow,
And blinded are our weeping eyes.
Our own dear lads, so brave and true—
God bless our gallant boys in blue!

O bless them in the dreary camp,
So far away from friends and home,

O bless them on the weary tramp,
Where e'er their wandering feet may roam,
Our own dear lads, so brave and true—
God bless our gallant boys in blue!

O bless them on the rolling wave,
Speeding afar from native land,
From dangers seen and unseen save,
And bring them back a victor band.
Our own dear lads, so brave and true—
God bless our gallant boys in blue!

O guard them in the battle's storm,
On bloody deck or gory field,
O be Thou there to each loved form,
O Lord, our God, their strength and shield.
Our own dear lads, so brave and true—
God bless our gallant boys in blue!

God bless the girls they've left behind,
Our own dear girls, so sweet and true,
Though out of sight ne'er out of mind,
Of those who wear our warrior's blue.
God bless our bonnie girls so true—
Who love our gallant boys in blue!

God bless their mothers as they weep,
Their lonely wives who watch and pray,
Beside their blessed babes who sleep,
And dream of dear ones far away,
God bless them all, so brave and true—
Their dear ones and our boys in blue.

—*H. H. Van Meter.*

THE OLD SNARE DRUM.

It's yourn, my boys, the yaller horn, ter toot it if you will;
But give ter me the old snare drum ter lead the column still;
Aye, bring the war-worn drumsticks back ter roll the reveille;
Go fetch the fife, the same ole fife, the fife that used to be.

An' while the breezes fan aloft the ole red, white and blue,
Jes' make the footsteps young again with "Yankee Doodle Doo!"
The same old drum that led the blue, the same that led the gray—
That sorter cheered us while it soothed the mother's tears away.

Yer bugle may do jes' as well—Ole Glory nod as neat—
Yet footsteps seem ter miss somethin' a marchin' down the street.
The old feet sorter seem to lag, the head don't soar so high,
An' som'ers in my bosom heaves a humsick kind o' sigh.

Yer might's well call a petticoat the old red, white and blue,
As toot a yaller whistle fer ole "Yankee Doodle Doo."

Then give us back the ole-time drum our fathers used to beat,
An' hear that voice o' freedom call our might an' manhood neat.

An' when Ole Glory says "Come on," ter write yer country's scroll,
Jes' give us back the martial drum ter call the battle roll!
Thar's somethin' 'bout the ole "long roll" that sorter seems ter say:
"Columbia's got her eye on you — her honor's yourn to-day!"

An' when the final call of "taps," "lights out," fer me an' you,
No bugle blare can softly roll the soldier's last tattoo.
The soldier's last tattoo — the van, the soldier's bier,
The rifle song your only hymn, the muffled drum, the rear!

Oh, gratitude! Vague butterfly! Yer hosts endure a day;
Ter "fold their tents like Arabs an' as lightly steal away!"
He heard the drummer's long tattoo, the column's tramp an' tread,
Along the path that ends beside the trenches o' the dead!

Then take yer yaller horn, my boys, an' toot it if yer will,
But give ter me the ole snare drum ter lead the column still!

— George E. Powell, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

OUR BONNIE BOYS IN BLUE.

FAREWELL, brave boys in blue!
Godspeed on your victorious way!
While your beloved ones shall pray
God guide and guard you every day,
Our bonnie boys in blue!

Our gallant boys in blue!
We'll say farewell with smile and cheer;
And you shall never know the tear
That flows through all your absence dear,
Oh, soldier laddies true!

Oh, patriot boys in blue!
Where'er you go, by land or sea,
Beneath that banner of the free,
There floats the flag of victory!
Oh, dauntless boys in blue!

Beloved boys in blue!
We know that some may ne'er return;
But yet our leal hearts proudly burn
To see those faces set and stern
With purpose firm and true.

Ah, other boys in blue —
Who once marched down this city street —
Now resting in your winding sheet;
For you two nations' war drums beat;
Columbia fights for you!

Oh, martyred boys in blue!
No freeman's blood e'er flows in vain,
Columbia need not call again;
"Remember, boys, the gallant 'Maine!'
Her buried boys in blue!"

Columbia's boys in blue!
Her banner waves above your head;
And by its bars of white and red
She swears the living, shrouds the dead;
Columbia's freemen true!

March on, brave boys in blue!
That flag that floats o'er every street—
That flag has never known defeat!
The God of Hosts guards patriot feet
Beneath that banner true.

Good-by, brave boys in blue:
Good-by! that word so sadly sweet
Means: "God be with you till we meet!"
Till home again we proudly greet
Our brave, bronzed boys in blue!

—*E. Dorsey Anderson, in New York Tribune.*

★ ★ ★

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

We do not send them all away—
Our bravest and our best—
When the battle cry is sounding
And the eagle leaves its nest;

There are brave battalions marching,
And the heroes face the roar
Of the guns that belch their lightning
In the thunderstorm of war.

But the brave hearts, true hearts,
The hearts that wait at home
For the news that tells of battle
On the field or on the foam,
Are the hearts that beat with courage
And the hearts whose hoping thrives.
Oh, the little lips of loving,
And the sweethearts and the wives!

When they march away to glory,
When the flags above them wave,
When the nation sends its greeting
To the valiant and the brave,
There are tender heroes waiting,
There are brave ones left behind,
As the bugle's note of sorrow
Wafts its music on the wind.

The brave hearts, true hearts,
With nothing left to do
But watch and wait and wonder
Till the storm and strife are through;
But their courage cheers the nation,
And it crowns the tender lives
Of the little lips of loving,
And the sweethearts and the wives!

'Tis a woman's way to struggle
In the silence of her grief;

'Tis the child-heart's tender habit —
In her dreamland make-belief —
To behold the days with courage
And to live throughout the night
With a tender word of hoping
For the breaking of the light.

The brave hearts, true hearts,
The soldier leaves to weep,
As he takes the weary journey
Down the valley o'er the deep,
Are the hearts at home so gentle,
Bound in sorrow's unseen gyves —
The little lips of loving,
And the sweethearts and the wives!

Ah, the little lips of loving,
The little lips that be
So ripe with red-rose laughter
And so innocent with glee!
Ah, the hearts of sweethearts, hoping
Till the dawn shall bring the light,
The wives that wait the echoes
From the fields where heroes fight!

The brave hearts, true hearts,
They are not all away —
For some are left to wonder
And to watch afar the fray;
And the heroes left behind,
Noble hearts and noble lives —
The little lips of loving,
And the sweethearts and the wives!

—*Baltimore News.*

U. S. SPELLS US.

My papa's all dressed up to-day;
He never looked so fine;
I thought when I first looked at him
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit
The old one was so old—
It's blue, with buttons oh, so bright,
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why;
And ev'ry time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons marked U. S.

U. S. spells Us. He's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why.

—*Anon.*

AT THE FRONT.

Not the soldiers only are at the front to-day,
Not alone the boys in blue who face the stubborn foe,
In the tent and in the charge, and on the weary way,
There are unseen sentinels who watch with eyes aglow.

Mothers who have sent their sons to battle for the right,
Wives and sweethearts, all day long, whose throbbing hearts are there,
A host of loyal loving ones who help the gallant fight,
By beating at the throne of God, with never-ceasing prayer.

These may not thread the jungle, nor storm the frowning hill,
They stand not in the rifle-pit, they man no sullen gun;
But they are with the army, and with strength their pulses thrill,
And theirs will be the victor's part, when once the strife is done.

Standing for the old flag, standing firm for God,
Standing for humanity, they meet the battle's brunt,
These women, who for heartache, scarce can see the path they've trod,
Since they kiss'd the lads they love so dear, and sent them to the front.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

He offered himself for the land he loved,
But what shall we say of her?
He gave to his country a soldier's life;
'Twas dearer by far to the soldier's wife:
All honor to-day to her!

He went to the war while his blood was hot.
But what shall we say of her?
He saw for himself through the battle's flame
A hero's reward on the scroll of fame:
What honor is due to her?

He offered himself, but his wife did more,
All honor to-day to her!
For dearer than life was the gift she gave
In giving the life she would die to save:
What honor is due to her?

He gave up his life at his country's call,
But what shall we say of her?
He offered himself as a sacrifice,
But she is the one who pays the price:
All honor we owe to her.

—*Elliott Flower.*

★ ★ ★

NORTHERN PINE TO SOUTHERN PALMETTO.

"Gone to the front," at their country's call, their young hearts proudly beating,
"Gone to the front," your son and mine; dear friend, how time is fleeting!

We met, you and I, in the days gone by, as foes on
the field of battle;
We met and fought 'mid the cannon's roar and the
rifle's deadly rattle.
You wore the gray, and I, the blue; and the strife
was fierce and gory,
Now, side by side, march our sons — our pride —
'neath Freedom's flag — Old Glory.

"Gone to the front." Not for revenge; though hearts
are bowed in sorrow
For martyred braves 'neath the treacherous waves
that roll by stern old Morro,
"Vengeance is mine; I will repay." God's wrath is
sometimes speedy
He knoweth best; be thy our task, to help the poor
and needy.
We have borne too long this shameful wrong — the
whole world knows the story —
So side by side, with a patriot's pride, march our
sons beneath Old Glory.

"Gone to the front." Prepared for war; yet theirs
is a peaceful mission.
Our ears have heard, our eyes have seen poor Cuba's
sad condition.
We have heard the piteous, hungry cry for help from
lips fast dying,
And, comrade, by the God we love — by the flag
above us flying,
We, too, if needs, will march to the front, though the
pathway may be gory,
For God and the right, with valor and might, we'll
face the foe for Old Glory.

—Thomas Sullivan.

TWO VOICES.

A SOUTHERN VOLUNTEER.

YES, sir, I fought with Stonewall,
And faced the fight with Lee;
But if this here Union goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!
I didn't shrink from Sherman
As he galloped to the sea;
But if this here Union goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!

I was with 'em at Manassas—
The bully boys in gray;
I heard the thunderers roarin'
Round Stonewall Jackson's way,
And many a time this sword of mine
Has blazed the route for Lee;
But if this old Nation goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!

I'm not so full o' fightin',
Nor half so full o' fun,
As I was back in the sixties
When I shouldered my old gun;
It may be that my hair is white—
Such things, you know, must be,
But if this old Union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!

I hain't forgot my raisin'—
Nor how, in sixty-two,

Or thereabouts, with battle shouts
I charged the Boys in Blue,
And I say: I fought with Stonewall,
And blazed the way for Lee;
But if this old Union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HIS NORTHERN BROTHER.

Just make it two, old fellow,
I want to stand once more
Beneath the old flag with you
As in the days of yore
Our fathers stood together
And fought on land and sea
The battles fierce that made us
A nation of the free.

I whipped you down at Vicksburg,
You licked me at Bull Run;
On many a field we struggled,
When neither victory won.
You wore the gray of Southland
I wore the Northern blue:
Like men we did our duty
When screaming bullets flew.

Four years we fought like devils,
But when the war was done
Your hand met mine in friendly clasp,
Our two hearts beat as one.

And now when danger threatens,
No North, no South, we know,
Once more we stand together
To fight the common foe.

My head, like yours, is frosty—
Old age is creeping on;
Life's sun is lower sinking,
My day will soon be gone,
But if our country's honor
Needs once again her son,
I'm ready, too, old fellow—
So get another gun.

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

★ ★ ★

ONE BENEATH OLD GLORY.

Don't you hear the tramp of soldiers?
Don't you hear the bugles play?
Don't you see the muskets flashing
In the sunlight far away?
Don't you see the ground all trembling
'Neath the tread of many feet?
They are coming, tens of thousands,
To the army and the fleet.

They are Yankees, they are Johnnies,
They're for North and South no more;
They are one, and glad to follow
When Old Glory goes before.
From Atlantic to Pacific,
From the Pine Tree to Lone Star,
They are gath'ring round Old Glory
And they're marching to the war.

Don't you see the harbors guarded
By those bristling dogs of war?
Don't you hear them growling, barking,
At the fleet beyond the bar?
Don't you hear the Jack Tars cheering,
Brave as sailor lads can be?
Don't you see the water boiling
Where the squadrons put to sea?

They are Yankees, they are Johnnies,
They're for North and South no more;
They are one and glad to follow
When Old Glory goes before.
From Atlantic to Pacific,
From the Pine Tree to Lone Star,
They have gathered round Old Glory,
And they're sailing to the war.

Don't you hear the horses prancing?
Don't you hear the sabres clash?
Don't you hear the cannon roaring?
Don't you hear the musket crash?
Don't you smell the smoke of battle?
Oh, you'll wish that you had gone,
When you hear the shouts and cheering
For the boys who whipped the Don!

There'll be Yankees, there'll be Johnnies,
There'll be North and South no more,
When the boys come marching homeward
With Old Glory borne before.
From Atlantic to Pacific,
From the Pine Tree to Lone Star,
They'll be one beneath Old Glory,
After coming from the war.

— *From Werner's Magazine.*

BLUE AND GRAY ARE ONE.

HURRAH for the North! Hurrah for the South!
Hurrah for the East and the West!
The nation is one, undivided and free,
And all of its sons are the best.
Together the men of the whole blessed land
Are firmly united in one mighty band,
And they that were once the blue and the gray
Are gathered beneath dear Old Glory to-day,
With men on both sides in command.

Then march, boys, march; we'll set fair Cuba free!
March, boys, march! with Miles and Fitzhugh Lee,
Forward all the line! and be your song's refrain:
"America for freemen, and break the grip of Spain!"

Hurrah for the blue! Hurrah for the gray!
Hurrah for the sons of them all!
Together we come and united we stand,
To answer humanity's call;
Freemen arising, to dash down the foe;
Blue and gray dealing him death at each blow;
Mingling a host from the North and the South,
'Neath the same banner, and from every mouth
One battle cry, "Freedom!" shall go.

Hurrah for the guns! Hurrah for the ships!
Hurrah for the flag of the stars!
Hurrah for the men who fought under that!
Or under the stars and the bars!
They're rallying now, brave, ardent, and strong,
To punish injustice and overthrow wrong;

Columbia rises and leads in the fight,
Her sons to do battle for honor and right,
And they're singing America's song.

—*William Lightfoot Visscher, in Chicago Times-Herald.*

★ ★ ★

WAR SCARS ARE HEALED.

Across the battlefield to-day I walk
Where flowers nod and birds harmonious sing,
Where peaceful leaves in loving whispers talk,
And butterflies disport on brilliant wing;
The scented breeze is laden deep with balm,
And smiling skies bend o'er me still and calm.

What stranger, knowing not of warring days,
Would think this vale was once with cannon rent,
While armed men fiercely trod these grassy ways
And trees beneath the iron tempests bent;
That thunder born of hate here madly crashed,
And war's red lightnings here in fury flashed?

The sky was canopied with smoke o'erhead,
The flowers with redder hues than now were wet,
Brave men fell 'neath the hail of hurtling lead
And crimsoned steel in hearts of brethren met;
While men by thousands, writhing, fought and fell
Amid the horrors of an awful hell.

Thank God that all those bloody scenes are o'er,
That bees and birds now here together play,
That brothers shall slay brothers thus no more,
Nor hate reap harvests here of blue and gray;

Blood-brotherhood decrees that strife shall cease,
And love enthroned proclaims the reign of peace.

Bloom, flowers, and offer incense o'er these graves;
Wave, starry flag, no more o'er ebon slaves;
Nor on red fields o'er which war's tempest raves.
Henceforth when foreign foes appear in view,
Our flag finds North and South defenders true,—
The men in gray joined with the men in blue.

—*I. Edgar Jones.*

★ ★ ★

"DIXIE" AND "YANKEE DOODLE."

I was born 'way down in "Dixie,"
Reared beneath the Southern skies,
And they didn't have to teach me
Every "Yankee" to despise.

I was but a country youngster
When I donned a suit of gray,
When I shouldered my old musket,
And marched forth the "Yanks" to slay.

Four long years I fought and suffered,
"Dixie" was my battle cry;
"Dixie" always and forever,
Down in "Dixie" let me die.

And to-night I'm down in "Dixie,"
"Dixie" still so grand and true;
But to-night I am appareled
In a uniform of blue.

And to-night the band is playing;
'Tis not "Dixie's" strains I hear,
But the strains of "Yankee Doodle"
Ring out strong and clear.

Long I listen to the music;
By my side a comrade stands;
He's a "Yank" and I'm a "Rebel,"
But we grasp each other's hands.

Here together we united
'Way down South in "Dixie" stand,
And my comrade whispers softly,
"There's no land like 'Dixie's land.'"

But my eyes are filled with teardrops,
Tears that make my heart feel glad;
And I whisper to my comrade:
"'Yankee Doodle' ain't so bad."

— Lawrence Porcher Hext.

★ ★ ★

TOGETHER.

I TELL you, this here country — she's gittin' whar she'll do,
When the Northern bands play "Dixie," an' the people cheer it, too!
We're mighty clost together when they mix the music so —
An' yet, we wuz divided some thirty year ago!

I tell you, this here country — jest take us, land an' sea —
Is 'bout as nigh united as the Lord 'ud have it be!
We're marchin' on together through summer time an' snow —
We that wuz so divided some thirty year ago.

Together! That's the music that's ringin' to the sky —
That's what the winds is singin' as they blow the blossoms by;
Together! Hear the bands play, an' all the bugles blow —
We that was so divided some thirty year ago.

Together! Sing it — ring it! Send the music ripplin' long,
Till the whole world hears the echoes of the swellin' tide of song!
Till the whole world jines the chorus — bands play an' bugles blow! —
We that was so divided some thirty year ago.

—Frank L. Stanton, in Leslie's Weekly.

★ ★ ★

CHANT OF THE NEW UNION.

Blood of the North
To the Blood of the South —
Are we the same blood?
Though in strife parted — born of one mother;
Now, as the forge-fires flame o'er the land;

Wake in a new love — brother to brother;
Lift we a loving-cup, hand clasped in hand.
Draining the same draught, though it be red;
Shouting the same cry, wherever led,
Drink to our Union!
Yes —
Now the same blood!

Heart of the North
To the Heart of the South —
Beat we the same heart?
In thirst and hunger, at the same altar,
Knead we the bread, to break with our wine.
Kneel we together, chanting our psalter;
Rise we together, freedom our sign.
All of our heroes look down from heaven,
Where our blood runs their blessing is given.
Sons of the Union!
Yes —
Now the same heart!

Sword of the North
To the Sword of the South —
Lift we the same sword?
Thrust in our hands for the vengeance of God.
Clasp we its hafts in the battles of Right,
Where Murder and Famine and Rapine have trod,
We lift to annihilate — righteous our might.
Wave we on high, heaven kissing the brand
That its gleam may be seen in a faint, stricken land.
Strike for our Union!
Yes —
Now the same sword!

Flag of the North
To the Flag of the South—
Float we the same flag?
Hallowed star-spangled one, calm, pure, and regal,
Lead us to reap where the harvest is sown.
Follow the scream of our cloud-circling eagle,
Burst from its cage, its war-pinions new-grown,
Spread and unfurl to tell victory's story,
Symbol of justice, symbol of glory,
Wave for the Union!
Yes—
Now the same flag!

Prayer of the North
To the Prayer of the South—
Breathe we the same prayer?
Death to oppression—succor to pain—
E'en through our vows shrill shrieks fill the air;
Rise! that they may not our hearts rive again.
Sheathe not! but strike for a nation's despair!
Lift the sword-cross as once God's soldiers prayed,
Pray as the Knights of a holy Crusade.
Pray for our Union!
Yes—
Now the same prayer.

—Edmund Russell.

★ ★ ★

THE STREAM O' FREEDOM.

Don't dam the stream o' Freedom in this Western Hemisphere!
It comes rollin' down the ages till by this it's gettin' clear

Thet the tide thet's sweepin' on'ard, red with many
a martyr's blood
Can't be stopped, and them thet tries it ull perish in
the flood.

Don't dam the stream o' Freedom — it's bound ter
make its way
Where the foot of God shall turn it, usherin' in a
brighter day,
Till the desert place shall flourish an' blossom as the
rose,
An' the land o' desolation spring to verdure where it
flows.

Don't dam the stream o' Freedom — yer might ez well
set out
To stop the rain from fallin' by prophesyin' drought;
Yer can't put out the sunshine by blindin' yer own
eyes,
An' ez fer keepin' summer back, don't try it if yer
wise.

Don't dam the stream o' Freedom in this Western
Hemisphere!
It ain't no ole-world rivulet thet's thawed out wunst
a year;
It's a tidal wave of promise thet the angels push
along,
Bearin' life upon it's bosom, bearin' doom to ancient
wrong.

—Amzi Tibbals, in New York Mail and Express.

THE AMERICAN SONG.

WHAT song shall America sing,
Young heir of the elder world,
Whose knee ne'er bent to tyrant king,
Whose banner defeat ne'er furled?
A song for the brave and the free,
No echo of antique rhyme,
But a shout of hope for the day to be,
The light of the coming time.

From the dark lowlands of the past,
Swelling loud o'er the victim's cries,
The hero's shout sweeps up the blast
Where wounded freedom dies.
The drum's dull beat and the trumpet's blare
From the far-off years are heard;
But the pæan of kings is man's despair,
And the hope of the world deferred.

'Tis the song of the free we sing;
Of the good time not yet born,
Where each man of himself is king,
Of a day whose gladsome morn
Shall see the earth beneath our feet,
And a fair sky overhead;
When those now sad shall find life sweet,
And none shall hunger for bread.

Sing then our American song!
'Tis no boast of triumphs won
At the price of another's wrong,
Or of foul deeds foully done.

We fight for the wide world's right,
To enlarge life's scope and plan,
To flood the earth with hope and light,
To build the kingdom of man!

—*M. J. Savage.*

★ ★ ★

THE NEW "IMPERIALISM."

"Give us new seas to sail!—the cry is, give us new seas to sail!
New seas to sail, be they never so mad, and we ship in the teeth of the gale;
For the old seas pall on our souls like death, their deeps and their tides we know;
The slope of the continents under the brine, and the black ooze-beds below."

—*Song of New Seas.*

ADVANCED, on the deep and tremendous seas, our flag, imperial, flies
Over far-off lands, where the stars look down from the antipodean skies;
Our colors are up, and the conquering blood of the race is aroused, at last;
The nation awakes with quick answering heart to the sound of the trumpet's blast.

We have broken, at last, from the fettering past, the sequestered and gold-rimmed years,
From the slothful lease of a soulless peace and the net of our selfish fears.
We are out of the swaddling clouts, thank God, and into the shining mail,
We have taken our place in the van of the race; we have found new seas to sail!

It's greater America — greater in hope, and greater in heart and mind,
America fronting the threatening world in the cause of oppressed mankind;
America, slow in wrath, but firm in defense of the rights of men,
With her own strong hands she will anchor the lands by the plan of a larger ken.

Let us not be deceived, we shall not be reprieved, the long battle must be sustained;
It's the eagle, alone, with the crag for throne, it's a fight till the field be gained.
We must arm and be strong for the righting of wrong, we must bring not woe, but weal;
And we want no drones while we buckle the zones of the earth with our own good steel.

On the Eastern sea, on the ocean West, the sheltering wings shall spread,
And the bristling crest will defend the nest, and the growing brood be fed;
The strong beak, fierce — the eyes that pierce — they were made for days like these;
When the talons, bold, let go their hold, it will be when the bird shall please.

By sea and crag, where'er our flag, victorious, be unfurled,
It shall stay, if we say, till the judgment day, in spite of the snarling world.
And the wheel will roll to the destined goal of the glorious years that wait;
We will never turn back from the shining track of the heralding stars of fate

Each rich wrecked age is a warning page, let our wisdom ponder it well,
For strewn with the dust of the thrones unjust is the easy slope of hell.
With the lesson well learned, with tyranny spurned, with the world and the future to face,
Our measure of might is the cause of right and the blood of the Saxon race.

We have broken, at last, from the shackling past, we have done with the dawdling years,
With the slothful lease of a selfish peace, the nurse of a weakling's fears;
We are out of the swaddling clouts, and now, we are into the woven mail,
In the van of the race, and, by God's good grace, we have got new seas to sail.

—*Robert Burns Wilson.*

★ ★ ★

OLD GLORY.

We have heard the battle bugle break the silence of the night,
We have seen the battle columns in the tempest of the fight,
And beheld Old Glory shining with its stars of morning light,
While Freedom marched along.

Chorus—

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Freedom is marching on.

We have seen our country battle when the North
and South were foes,
We have seen heroic struggles 'twixt the battle's
dawn and close,
But that day of fatal warfare dims into a deep repose,
And Freedom marches on.

We have lived to see Old Glory float its stars from
strand to strand,
And have seen it wave in triumph o'er the Spaniards'
conquered land,
And the South and North are vanished, for Ameri-
cans we stand;
And Freedom marches on.

Under Stripes and Stars we're marching to the free-
ing of the world;
And for Freedom, fleets and navies into battles thick
are hurled;
And the dear folds of Old Glory to the world's winds
are unfurled,
While Freedom marches on.

—*Rev. William A. Quayle, D. D.*

★ ★ ★

HAIL OUR GLORIOUS BANNER.

All hail the glorious banner; fit emblem of the free,
Proudly floating in the light of the bright morn-
ing sun;
It bears a welcome message, far over land and sea,
Of charity for all, and malice toward none.

Beneath its folds we fear not, 'though hostile cannon roar,
For the liberty we prize our father's valor won,
And we this priceless heritage will hold, for evermore,
With charity for all, and malice toward none.

One nation we, from sea to sea; one hope, one tongue, one law.
And before us lies a duty, we cannot — dare not — shun;
To loose the bands of tyranny; for this the sword we draw,
With charity for all, and malice toward none.

If other nations, rashly, shall dare to intervene,
They will find us ready for them; man for man and gun for gun;
We stand for right and freedom; hearts undaunted; weapons keen.
With charity for all, and malice toward none.

We hold one purpose, steadfast, sure; this war shall never cease
Till Cuba's isle shall Freedom know: but, when our task is done,
With joy we'll crown our battle flags with garland wreaths of peace,
With charity for all, and malice toward none.

Then hail our starry banner, forever floating free;
With its colors bathed in glory by the bright morning sun —
While the breezes bear its message, far over land and sea,
Of charity for all, and malice toward none.

— *Thomas Sullivan.*

THE HERO OF MANILA.

God of our country, Thee we sing:
We thank Thee for the mighty day
Which saw the fall of Cavité:
Our humble gratitude we bring.
Thy lavish hand we praised and knew,
So laid our trust in Heav'n;
But this, Thy latest bounty giv'n,
Hath made our trustful hearts more true.

Up with the dawn our lads arose
And breathed two thousand pray'rs to Thee.
For Dewey, Home, and Victory,
A man could fight a hundred foes.
Over the hidden hell beneath
The squadron came and filled the bay,
That the devil might have his lawful pay
And the lamb be saved from the jackal's teeth.

And he who rode the Eastern main,
Nor paused the Why or How to ask,
Dewey, our son, knew duty's task
And loosed the awful flaming rain.
Then burst the proud foe's swollen pride;
His vanquished fleet beneath the wave,
His fort a silent gaping grave —
Remorse was born: Resistance died.

In sleeping Asia's spreading sea,
On that great morn of May's first day,
Boomed the loud note at Cavité
That hailed an infant Liberty.

God of our country, God of the world,
Our pray'r, that we may work Thy plan
And do Thy will toward Asian man —
The cause *Thy* cause, *our* flag unfurled.

—*Anon.*

★ ★ ★

A SONG FOR OUR FLEETS.

A song for our fleets — our iron fleets
Of grim and savage beauty,
That plow their way through fields of spray,
To follow a nation's duty!
The winds may blow and the waves may flow,
And stars may hide their faces,
But little we reck; our stars o'er deck
Still glitter within their places!

Let never a one who gazes on
This pageant calm but splendid
Doubt that our coasts from hostile hosts
Will gallantly be defended!
A desperate foe may wish us woe;
But what is their petty knavery
Against the right, when backed with might,
And Anglo-Saxon bravery?

A song for our fleets — our gallant fleets,
'Neath flags of glory flying,
That carry the aid, so long delayed,
To those that are crushed and dying!
And flames may glow, and blood may flow;
But still, with a stern endeavor,
We'll rule the main, and lash foul Spain
From our Western World forever!

—*Will Carleton.*

OFF TO SEA!

Our ships have put to sea.
And to windward and to lee
The old flag is flying, flying, flying;
And it ripples its red bars
And the glory of its stars
Where the spirits of the stormy deep are crying:

"On to the fight!
Let the stars of Freedom light
The land beneath the tyrant's banner gory;
Till every tyrant flag
Is a torn and trampled rag,
And alone in the sunlight waves 'Old Glory!'"

Our ships have put to sea,
And the light of Liberty
Dawns o'er a people sad and dying;
The chains of thralldom break,
And the thrones of tyrants shake,
While the spirits of the stormy deep are crying:

"Fare ye to the fight!
Let the stars of Freedom light
The land beneath the tyrant's banner gory;
Till every tyrant flag
Is a torn and trampled rag,
And alone in the sunlight waves 'Old Glory!'"

—Atlanta Constitution.

DEWEY.

Why do we put Dewey
Above all the rest?
Of all the war's heroes
Why is he the best?
We hear Dewey's name,
And our breasts are aflame,
With love for the grizzled old tar—
Why is Dewey enshrined
In the heart and the mind,
As Lincoln and Washington are—
Why do we put Dewey
Above all the the rest?
Of all the war's heroes
Why is he the best?

When the tocsin was sounded
And the war god awoke,
When the bonds that had held us
As men of peace broke,
When others rushed hither
And thither, at sea,
When other men argued
In war councils, he,
With a calmness supernal,
And a course that was plain,
Weighed anchor and started
Across the blue main;
He stayed not for parley,
Nor waited nor planned
For conditions to favor
The project in hand—

As the arrow flies unto its mark he set out,
Unhindered by fear and a stranger to doubt.

Is there fear in the lion
That has scented his prey?
Does he linger for dangers
Concealed by the way?
Does he hunt for clear pathways
To lead him around
The rocks that before him
Incumber the ground?
Does he crouch in some corner
And warily wait,
Intrusting his chances
To favors of fate?

Nay, the lion has none of the cunning that brings
The fawn 'neath the limb where the sleek tiger swings.

E'en as a lion the grim hero went
To the spot where Spain's weapons lie blackened and bent;
He stayed not for danger, nor favoring tide;
Nor thought of the snares perhaps hidden inside—
He entered and struck down the foe in his lair,
And set up the standard of liberty there!
And when it was done—when the world stood in awe,
Still grasping the sword, he propounded the law;
He invited no cheers, nor indulged in high boasts,
But silently sat as a new lord of hosts
With a simpleness such as God gives but to those
Too big to be swayed by the world's petty woes.

He marked out his lines, and men saw where they lay,
Nor sought to cross over, nor questioned his sway;
Each word that he spoke was the word that was meet;
Each act he essayed when he stayed was complete—
The mazes that lay all around him he trod
As only he may who is led by his God.

And so we put Dewey
Above all the rest
Of all the war's heroes,
Proclaiming him best;
We hear Dewey's name
And our breasts are aflame
With love for the grizzled old tar;
We have got him enshrined
In each heart and each mind
As Lincoln and Washington are—
Straightforward and simple above all the rest,
With a grandeur that touches the lowliest breast.

—*S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.*

★ ★ ★

GUAM.

An age of wonders dawned on Guam,
Beneath the touch of Uncle Sam!
A time of restlessness and light
To take the place of peace and night!

Ah, Guam, asleep upon the ocean's breast,
Lulled by the soft Pacific into rest,
Unending as the sea is, and as still,
Why need you wake to wonders and to ill?

You are so very little, Guam, that you
Are but a misty speck upon the blue
Infinity of earth, and Guam,
Although 'tis well to be of Uncle Sam,

That is not all of peacefulness nor rest,
As you have known them on the gentle breast
Of your Pacific, where through all the years
You never knew our world of hopes and fears.

Ah, dear, delicious, distant, doleless isle,
Asleep for ages where those soft skies smile,
How rude would your awakening be
Roused by a new world's energy!

Ah, gentle Guam, keep shut those eyes of yours,
Care not for what is not upon your shores;
You are so little, Guam, away so far,
The busy world might leave you as you are.

An age of wonders, sorrows, cares,
In which each state and nation shares!
They call it dawn. Guam, is such light
A greater blessing than your night?

It may be, Guam; or if it be or not,
What harm can be, if only one small spot
On all the earth is left still unoppressed,
Where man may stop and breathe and rest?

—*W. J. Lampton, in the New York Sun.*

THE HERO DOWN BELOW.

While you sing of Schley and Hobson,
And of gallant Dewey, too,
While with thoughts of them your hearts are all aglow,
I would sing you of another—
Just as brave and just as true—
Of the man who does the stoking down below.

For his home is in the hell,
Down below,
And he doesn't hear the yell,
Down below,
That goes up when firing's done,
When the ship he's with has won—
He must keep a-shoveling on
Down below.

Though his name is never mentioned,
Though we see or know him not,
Though his deeds may never bring him worldly fame,
He's a man above the others—
And the bravest of the lot—
And the hero of the battle, just the same.

He's the man who does the work,
Down below,
From the labor does not shirk,
Down below,
He is shoveling day and night,
Feeding flames a-blazing bright,

Keeping up a killing fight,
Down below.

In the awful heat and torture
Of the fires that leap and dance
In and out the furnace doors that never close,
On in silence he must work,
For with him there's ne'er a chance
On his brow to feel the outer breeze that blows.

For they've locked him in a room,
Down below,
In a burning, blazing tomb,
Down below,
Where he cannot see the sky,
Cannot learn in time to fly,
When destruction stalketh nigh,
Down below.

While the fighting fierce is waging,
And the cannon overhead
With their sizzling shells the enemy surround,
To the stoker down below,
Not a word is ever said,
To his ear is borne no echo of a sound.

When they open wide his door,
Down below,
And they cry, "Your work is o'er,
Down below!"
There they find him weakly lying
On a pile of coal and crying
Out in madness, for he's dying,
Down below.

— *Chicago Times-Herald.*

HOL' DEM PHILUPPINES.

Mistah Dewey, yo's all right,
Hol' dem Philuppines!
Made yo' point an' won yo' fight,
Hol' dem Philuppines!
If dem natives get too gay
Make dem walk the Spanish way;
Show dem dat yo's come to say,
Hol' dem Philuppines!

Doctah Dewey, doan' yo' care,
Hol' dem Philuppines!
Let dat German ge'man swear,
Hol' dem Philuppines!
Reckon dat yo' saw dem first,
Just yo' say to wienerwurst:
"Come en take dem, if yo' durst!"
Hol' dem Philuppines!

Fesser Dewey, you is wa'am,
Hol' dem Philuppines!
Reckon yo' can ride de storm,
Hol' dem Philuppines!
Tell him dat yo' will not grieve
If old Diederichs should leave—
Keep dat razar up your sleeve,
Hol' dem Philuppines!

A'm'al Dewey, watch yo' kyards,
Hol' dem Philuppines!
Folks all sen' yo' best regyards,
Hol' dem Philuppines!

Make dem fo'iners lay low,
If dey 'sist to pester so,
Make dem take dah clothes and go,
Hol' dem Philuppines!

—George V. Hobart, in Baltimore News.

★ ★ ★

THE SHELL.

I'M THE shell, the thirteen inch,
Of the kind that never flinch,
Never slacken, never sway,
When the quarry blocks the way.

Silent in the belted breech,
Peering thro' the rifled reach,
Waiting, while I scan the sea,
For a word to set me free.

As my eager eyes I strain,
Heaves in view a ship of Spain.
Hark! the wild alarums ring,
As the men to quarters spring;

Then the word of sharp command,
On the lanyard rests a hand.
"Fire!" From out the rifled core,
On the cannon's breath I soar.

Twice five hundred pounds of steel,
Where on high the eagles reel;
For my mark the nearing foe
Messenger of death I go!

Hark! the shriek of unleashed hell!
'Tis the speech of shell to shell:
Brother, shall I kill or spare?
"Mark the faces blanching there!"

Brother, shall I strike or swerve?
"Death to them that death deserve!
Mark the vessel onward come!"
Mark the thirteen inch strike home.

Crash! I feel the steel-clad ship
Split and stagger, rend and rip;
Then a shriek and then a hush,
As the dark'ning waters rush

Thro' the torn and gaping side
Of the foeman's hope and pride.
To the bottom of the sea
Go a thousand lives with me!

. . . . .

I'm the shell, the thirteen inch,
Of the kind that never flinch,
Never slacken, never sway,
When the quarry blocks the way.

— *Gustav Kobbé, in Munsey's Magazine.*

★ ★ ★

THE FARMER'S BOYS.

I own I'm rather lonely, for my help has gone away,
The harvest time is over, and cut is all the hay;
And I long to get the papers, but I fear to see them come,
For Tom and Jack are fighting to the music of the drum.

The boys are patriotic, like their father long ago,
When he heard the call of Lincoln and went for to meet the foe;
And when they came to me and said that they were young and strong,
I told my wife I knew the farm would never hold them long.

There's Jack; he has his mother's eyes, his face is round and fair,
He has his mother's gentle ways, her soft and silky hair;
And Tom; they say he looks like me, raw-boned, and tanned and stout,
The kind of boys, the captain says, to storm the strong redoubt.

I saw the thing a-brewing, but I had no word to say,
The boys grew restless, for they read the papers every day;
And when the call for men was made they hurried down the lane,
And in the village joined the boys who'll ne'er "forget the 'Maine.'"

My wife and I together sit when all the work is done,
And watch the hills in silence as they redden 'neath the sun;
She knows that I am thinking of the boys we've sent afar,
And she is praying silently for peace to end the war.

They'll never shirk their duty; Tom and Jack are true as steel;
Before their might, I'm proud to say, the Spanish foe will reel;

What tales will Jack bring back with him from regions far away,
And Tom will tell of fighting down by Santiago Bay!

Old Glory will not blush for them, they'll nobly wear the blue;
They won't disgrace the Buckeye farm; to country both are true.
I told them when they started, as I held their hands in mine,
That I was once a soldier in the grand old Union line.

When I lead the horses homeward through the bracing twilight air,
I see two boys in uniform, heroic, tall and fair,
And one looks like his mother when I wooed her long ago,
And the other's like his father, with his curious ways, you know.

It seems they're with me all the time, but yet they are afar;
Upon their bayonets doth fall the light of tropic star.
They know the old farm misses them, no matter where they roam,
And every night I know they think of mother's face and home

We pray together, wife and I, we kneel before the throne,
And ask the Father's care for those so dear to us alone;
May we hear from lips we long to kiss, though now they're far away,
The story of Manila and of Santiago Bay.

— *T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.*

THE BAND PLAYED ON.

(As the Californians, under Colonel Smith, came up the beach, their band played the national air, accompanied by the whistling of Mauser bullets, and during the sharpshooting continued to encourage the men with inspiring music.—*Dispatch from Manila.*)

"FORWARD!" the Colonel sharply said.
With eager eye and steady tread
They crossed the strip of shining sand
In rhythm with their pulsing band.

Up from the bay the great guns roared,
High o'er their heads the swift shells soared,
But true and steady rose the drum
Above the battle's growing hum,
And wild and strident shrilled the horn,
As if it shrieked in loyal scorn.

The bullets whistled o'er the strand;
A crimson stain was on the sand.
"Fire!" shrieked the colonel, and a roar
Went booming down Manila's shore.
And while its echoes died away,
The fearless band in steady play,
As on parade, so calm, so free,
Poured forth the song of freedom's key.

It roused those dauntless Yankee hearts;
They felt the thrill the song imparts,
In rhythm with the horn and drum,
Each lip the dear old words did hum.
They fought like brave men, good and true,
They pressed ahead where bullets flew,
And till they'd conquered every don
The band played on.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

TO THE POWERS.

From "Harper's Weekly." Copyright, 1898 Harper & Brothers.

WHAT shall we do with the Philippines?
Well, Europe, peep behind the scenes,
And what you see tell your marines.

Our plans, of course, are not complete;
Won't be till Merritt takes his seat,
Backed up by Army and by Fleet.

That done, we'll choose the fairest spots,
Divide 'em up in city plots,
And sell 'em off as corner lots.

And where the Spanish foe now loots,
Mayhap you'll find some substitutes,
Like vaudeville and chuting chutes.
And possibly we'll take those Isles,
Whereon sweet peace so rarely smiles,
And give them to our men of wiles.

To Croker one, and one to Platt,
And one to Bryan — men like that —
So that *we'll* know just where *they're* at.

But one thing's fixed as any star:
We will not move those Islands far,
But let them stay just where they are.

We hope, dear Concert, great and square,
This answer strikes you as most fair.
If not, why — *well, old Dewey's there.*

— *John Kendrick Bangs.*

THE FLAG.

INSCRIBED TO ADMIRAL DEWEY, TUNE: "LAURIGER."

ROLL a river wide and strong,
Like the tides a-swinging,
Lift the joyful floods of song,
Set the mountains ringing.
Run the lovely banner high,—
Crimson morning-glory!—
Field as blue as yonder sky,
Every star a story.

Let the people, heart and lip,
Hail the gleaming splendor!
Let the guns from shore and ship
Acclamation render!
All ye oceans, clap your hands!
Echo plains and highlands,
Speed the voice thro' all the lands
To the Orient islands.

Darling flag of Liberty!
Law and love revealing,
All the downcast turn to thee
For thy help appealing.
In the front for human right,
Flash thy stars of morning,
All that hates and hides the light,
Flies before thy warning.

By the colors of the day,
By the breasts that wear them,

To the living God we pray
For the brave that bear them!
Run the rippling banner high;
Peace or war the weather,
Cheers or tears, we'll live or die
Under it together.

— *M. W. Stryker, in the Interior.*

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OL' PECOS BILL,

OR GENERAL WILLIAM SHAFTER.

Don't hardly reckon there ever was a tougher ol' soldier pill,
In any way that you'd size him up, than that same ol' Pecos Bill,
Fur to handle the reds when they showed their teeth, an' the whites that laughed at the law.
A great big man with a great big heart, an' the proper sand in his craw.
I knowed the ol' bunch o' scrap fur years in the State o' the Single Star,
I've camped with him on the scoutin' trail when the Injuns was huntin' war,
I've bin with him in the frontier fort an' out in the huntin' camp,
An' I'm free to say as a thorrerbred, ol' Bill was the proper stamp.

As fur as bein' a Christian goes, a saint o' the pious brand,
An' sich like racket, he never held a winnin' trump in his hand;
That wasn't ol' Gin'ral Shafter's style, he wa'n't o' the prayin' kind,
But all the same at the trumpet call he'll never be left behind.
I've heerd him sw'ar till the air'd pop, and the breezes 'd spit red fire,
An' reel off talk o' the snappy sort that ol' Beelzebub 'd admire,
But all the same his ol' hostile heart was as soft as the heart of a kid,
When want an' misery caught his eye, which the same it frequently did.

His creed war' justice to high an' low, his Bible the Golden Rule,
I reckon his boy pants never warmed a seat in a Sunday-school,
An' he never worried the Lord, I know, by recitin' a chestnut prayer
That died afore it war' half way up on the trail through the Texas air;
But I've a bundle o' cash that says he stands jes' as good a chance
O' heaven as some that bore the Chief with a powerful song and dance.
An' when he's called from the service here to the camp in the better land,
He'll hold the rank that he won by worth, if he don't wear the pious brand.

When ol' Bill come to the Texas land the Pecos war' overrun
With the toughest outfit o' desperate men that ever handled a gun,
An' the Injuns hankered fur paleface ha'r, an swarmed through the hills an' dells,
A rippin' the echoes all to strings with their devil-invented yells.
Jes' go an' look at that valley now, with its oceans o' golden grain,
An' its homes o' peace upon every hand, an' its cattle on every plain,
An' you'll say that it duplicates Gloryland, the kingdom on Zion's hill,
An' who's responsible fur the change? I reckon it's Pecos Bill.

I allus said if a war 'd come an' they'd give the ol' man a chance,
He'd lead the foes o' the Glory flag the liveliest sort of a dance,
An' when I war' readin' the other day of his work on the Cuby shore,
I ripped a streak in the Texas air with a firmament-shakin' roar!
I danced the Apache victory dance, an' whooped like a painted brave,
At the way his Texican cowboy lads fixed Spaniards in shape fur the grave.
An' I filled my system cl'ar to the neck with the snappiest sort o' swill,
In visible honor o' Uncle Sam an' his pardner, ol' Pecos Bill.

— *The Denver Poet.*

THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA.

God is shaping the great future of the islands of the sea;
He has sown the blood of martyrs, and the fruit is liberty;
In thick clouds and in darkness, He has sent abroad His word;
He has given a haughty nation to the cannon and the sword.

He has seen a people moaning in the thousand deaths they die;
He has heard from child and woman a terrible dark cry;
He has given the wasted talent of the steward faithless found
To the youngest of the nations with His abundance crowned.

He called her to do justice where none but she had power;
He called her to do mercy to her neighbor at the door;
He called her to do vengeance for her own sons foully dead;
Thrice did He call unto her before she harkened.

She has gathered the vast midland, she has searched her borders round!
There has been a mighty hosting of her children on the ground;

Her searchlights lie along the sea, her guns are loud
on land;
To do her will upon the earth her armies round her
stand.

The fleet, at her commandment, to either ocean turns;
Belted round the mighty world her line of battle
burns;
She has loosed the hot volcanoes of the ships of
flaming hell;
With fire and smoke and earthquake shock her heavy
vengeance fell.

Be jubilant, free Cuba, our feet are on your soil;
Up mountain road, through jungle growth, our brav-
est for thee toil;
There is no blood so precious as their wounds pour
forth for thee;
Sweet be thy joys, free Cuba — sorrows have made
thee free.

Nor thou, O noble nation, who wast so slow to wrath,
With grief too heavy-laden follow in duty's path;
Not for ourselves our lives are; not for thyself art
thou;
The star of Christian ages is shining on thy brow.

Rejoice, O mighty mother, that God hath chosen thee
To be the western warder of the islands of the sea;
He lifteth up, He casteth down, He is the King of
kings,
Whose dread commands o'er awe-struck lands are
borne on eagles' wings.

— *George E. Woodberry, in New York Times.*

THE MISSOURI MULE.

At Santiago, when the fight
Was raging at its very height,
Along the front of Wheeler's men,
On mountain top, in tangled glen,
Amid the battle's crash and jar,
A startling sound came from afar;
Long, doleful wails in trumpet tones—
Bewildering chorus of shrieks and groans—
"Ye-ee haw! Ye-ee haw! Ye-ee haw!"

Over the mountains it floated down
To the Spanish trenches before the town;
That startling "Ye-ee," that awful "haw,"
Like the screech of a dull and rusty saw;
And the Captain Don, with poised sword,
Paused, and forgot to speak the word—
"Retreat!" Stricken dumb, that awful wail
Caused his soul to leap and quail—
"Ye-ee haw! Ye-ee haw! Ye-ee haw!"

The Cuban, hid in the vines and grass,
Remembered his slothful, sullen ass,
Plodding along with its load to town,
Over the highway dusty and brown;
Measuring the way with its clumsy feet,
And giving vent to an awful bleat;
But different from that which echoed down
To the Dons in the trenches before the town—
"Ye-ee haw! Ye-ee haw! Ye-ee haw!"

Said the Captain Don, "Whence, whence that sound
That seems to quake the sky and ground?"
"From the Yankee camp," a Sergeant said;
"The pigs are wailing o'er their dead!"

"Mayhap," said the Don, "'tis a Yankee shell,
That shocks and kills with its awful yell.
Retreat! Retreat! Fall back, my men;
That threatening sound—it comes again!"
"Ye-ee haw! Ye-ee haw! Ye-ee haw!"

Up spoke a gunner, as he touched his hat;
"'Tis a dreadful sound, but I don't mind that;
I've heard it oft by the slippery side
Of the river of mud so long and wide,
Which flows from mountains in Yankee land
To Louisiana's reedy strand.
First heard, 'twill terror wise or fool,
'Tis the song of the Yankee army mule.
'Twas raised in Missouri, I know its haw—
'Ye-ee haw! Ye-ee haw! Ye-ee haw!'"

—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

★ ★ ★

THE REGULAR.

A SONG for the Regular! a song and a people's cheer
For the man in blue who's grit clear through from end to end o' the year.
From end to end o' the year he goes (with little enough for pay),
Through summer heat, through wintry snows, where duty points the way,
O little he cares for the cyclone's breath or the blizzard's nor'west sweep,
Content enough with his quarters rough and never a growl at his keep,
Ready to dig or ready to die, ready to broil or freeze,
So long as he knows he is giving his blows to keep the flag on the breeze.

A grasp for the Regular! a grasp for the brawny hand
That seeks not to shirk a soldier's work however it's cast or planned.
O grudging enough, in the hour of peace, is the praise for his manly deed;
But the people know where their faith must go in the day of the nation's need.
When the dogs of war are out on the trail, when the foe has loosed his pack,
Whose trusty rifle is ready then to pay him doubly back?
Who meets him wherever he dares to claim a rood of soil in fee
And makes him feel the might of his steel from mountain crest to sea?

Our hearts to the Regular! our hearts to our dauntless son
Who clears the way for a freeman's sway with his freeman's sword and gun.
We saw him rush through the tropic brush to succor our gallant Wood,
And well he knew when the bullets flew where the forts of Caney stood.
O who will forget the bloody debt he wrote from his streaming veins
When down from the heights of San Juan he looked on the Cuban plains?
O who will forget the charge he made, and the vanquished foe's despair,
When the banner of Spain ne'er rose again, and they saw Old Glory there?

— *John Jerome Rooney, in the New York Sun.*

ROUGH RIDERS' ROUNDELAY.

The favorite marching song of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. It is sung to the tune of the "Irish Fusileers."

ROUGH RIDERS were we from the West,
Gallant gentlemen the rest,
Of volunteers the best;
Rallied to the flag at Roosevelt's behest
To carve our way to glory.

When the Spanish shells and shrapnel burst,
Our losses were the worst—
The chaplain even cursed.
"Charge!" cried Colonel Roosevelt, and charged the first
To carve our way to glory.

Our rapid fire tore the Spanish line to bits,
And scared them into fits;
Their leaders lost their wits;
Up the hill we went and stormed their rifle pits
To carve our way to glory.

Intrenched within the pits long we lay,
By night as well as day,
Sore at the delay;
In our rear the yellow fever raged at Siboney
To cheat us out of glory.

When no bloody Spaniards are left to run,
Cuba will be won,
Our duty will be done;
Dead and living every single one
Has carved his way to glory.

—*Private Edwin Emerson.*

THE YANKEE DUDE'LL DO.

When Cholly swung his golf stick on the links,
Or knocked the tennis ball across the net,
With his bangs done up in cunning little kinks—
When he wore the tallest collar he could get,
Oh, it was the fashion then
To impale him on the pen;
To regard him as being made of putty through and through;
But his raquet's laid away,
He is roughing it to-day,
And heroically proving that the Yankee dude'll do.

When Algy, as some knight of old arrayed,
Was the leading figure at the "fawncy ball,"
We loathed him for the silly part he played.
He was set down as a monkey—that was all;
Oh, we looked upon him then
As unfit to class with men,
As one whose heart was putty and whose brains were made of glue—
But he's thrown his cane away,
And he grasps a gun to-day,
While the world beholds him, knowing that the Yankee dude'll do.

When Clarence cruised about upon his yacht,
Or drove out with his footman through the park,
His mamma, it was generally thought,
Ought to have him in her keeping after dark;
Oh, we ridiculed him then,
We impaled him on the pen,

We thought he was effeminate, we dubbed him
"Sissy," too —
But he nobly marched away —
He is eating pork to-day,
And heroically proving that the Yankee dude'll do.

How they hurled themselves against the angry foe,
In the jungle and the trenches on the hill;
When the word to charge was given, every dude was
on the go —
He was there to die, to capture or to kill;
Oh, he struck his level when
Men were called upon again
To preserve the ancient glory of the old red, white
and blue;
He has thrown his spats away,
He is wearing spurs to-day,
And the world will please take notice that the
Yankee dude'll do.

— *S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.*

★ ★ ★

THE YANKEE DOODLE SOLDIER.

WHAT's the use to be a braggin' about any special
lot,
When you've got a lot of sojers that'll never miss a
shot,
Ner run from any battle that an army ever fit?
By gosh, I'm jes' a-thinkin' that yer Uncle Sam is
"it"!

They'll foller up Ol' Glory if it takes 'em ter the sky,
An' they're jes' the kind o' fellers that air not afraid ter die.

Shoutin', singin', an' a-fightin' under bilin' Suthern sun—
Nary one a-gittin' skeery er a-givin' up his gun.
Bands a-playin' purty music while the cannons rip and roar—
Say, that's patriotism fer ye that yer never seen afore!
No, yer can't pick out the best un, fer they're all as true as steel.
An' the Yankee Doodle sojer is the flower of the field.

Thar's Dewey, he's a hero if thar's sich a thing on earth—
An' Hobson, he's another—never knew the feller's worth.
So's Schley, that quiet scrapper, an' Cervera knows it, too;
An' Sampson is a good un or he wouldn't wear the blue.
Then thar's Shafter, an' thar's Merritt an' a dozen more,
Like Bob Evans, who's a-cussin' everything along the shore.

But thar's others that air fighters, though they ain't got shoulder straps—
Ain't a-shinin' with epaulettes an a lot of other traps.

They're the privates, bless the boys, that air standin' side by side—
They air fighters, they air heroes, they air Yankees, durn my hide!
An' now I am a-yellin' fer the hull tarnation lot—
They're a splendid lot o' sojers that'll never miss a shot.

—*Denver Times.*

★ ★ ★

"APPLES FINKEY"—THE WATER-BOY.

"Apples Finkey!" Many a name
Has a grander sound in the roll of fame;

Many a more resplendent deed
Has burst to light in the hour of need;

But never a one from a truer heart,
Striving to know and to do its part.

Striving, under his skin of tan,
With the years of a lad to act like a man.

And who was "Apples?" I hear you ask.
To trace his descent were indeed a task.

Winding and vague was the family road—
And, perhaps, like Topsy, "he only growed."

But into the camp he lolled one noon,
Barefoot, and whistling a darky tune,

Into the camp of his dusky peers—
The gallant negro cavaliers—

The Tenth, preparing, at break o' day,
To move to the transport down in the bay.

Boom! roared the gun — the ship swung free,
With her good prow turned to the Carib Sea.

"Pity it was, for the little cuss,
We couldn't take 'Apples' along with us,"

The trooper said, as he walked the deck,
And Tampa became a vanishing speck.

What's that? A stir and a creak down there
In the piled-up freight — then a tuft of hair,

Crinkled and woolly and all unshorn —
And out popped "Apples" "ez shore's yer born!"

Of course he wasn't provided for
In the colonel's roll or the rules of war;

But somehow or other the troop was glad
To welcome the little darky lad.

You know how our brave men, white and black,
Landed and followed the Spaniard's track;

And the Tenth was there in the very front,
Seeking and finding the battle's brunt.

Onward they moved through the living hell
Where the enemy's bullets like raindrops fell,

Down through the brush, and onward still
Till they came to the foot of San Juan hill —

Then up they went, with never a fear,
And the heights were won with a mad, wild cheer!

And where was "the mascot Finkey" then?
In the surging ranks of the fighting men!

Wherever a trooper was seen to fall,
In the open field or the chaparral;

Wherever was found a wounded man;
"Apples" was there with his water and can.

About him the shrapnel burst in vain—
He was up and on with his work again.

The sharpshooters rattled a sharp tattoo,
The singing Mausers around him flew.

But "Apples" was busy—too busy to care
For the instant death and the danger there.

Many a parched throat burning hot,
Many a victim of Spanish shot,

Was blessed that day, ere the fight was won
Under the tropical, deadly sun,

By the cool drops poured from the water-can
Of the dusky lad who was all a man.

In the forward trenches, at close of day,
Burning with fever, "Finkey" lay.

He seemed to think through the long, wet night,
He still was out in the raging fight,

For once he spoke in his troubled sleep;
"I'se comin', Cap., ef my legs'll keep!"

Next day — and the next — and the next — he stayed
In the trenches dug by the Spaniard's spade,

For the sick and wounded could not get back
Over the mountainous, muddy track.

But the troopers gave what they had to give
That the little mascot might stick and live.

Over him many a dark face bent,
And through it all he was well content —

Well content as a soldier should
Who had fought his fight and the foe withstood.

Slowly these stern beleaguered men
Nursed him back to his strength again,

Till one fair day his glad eyes saw
A sight that filled him with pride and awe,

For there, as he looked on the stronghold down,
The flag was hoisted over the town,

And none in that host felt a sweeter joy
Than "Apples Finkey," the water-boy.

— John Jerome Rooney, in New York Sun.

THE REG'LAR ARMY MAN.

He ain't no gold-lace "Belvidere,"
Ter sparkle in the sun;
He don't parade with gay cockade,
And posies in his gun;
He ain't no "pretty soldier boy,"
So lovely, spick, and span,
He wears a crust of tan and dust,
The Reg'lar Army man;
The marchin', parchin',
Pipe-clay starchin',
Reg'lar Army man.

He ain't at home in Sunday School,
Nor yet at social tea,
And on the day he gets his pay
He's apt ter spend it free;
He ain't no temp'rance advocate,
He likes to fill the can,
He's kinder rough an' maybe tough,
The Reg'lar Army man;
The rarin', tearin',
Sometimes swearin',
Reg'lar Army man.

No state'll call him "noble son,"
He ain't no ladies' pet,
But let a row start anyhow,
They'll send for him, you bet!
He don't cut any ice at all
In Fashion's social plan,

He gits a job to face a mob,
The Reg'lar Army man;
The millin', drillin',
Made fer killin',
Reg'lar Army man.

They ain't no tears shed over him
When he goes off ter war,
He gits no speech nor prayerful "preach"
From mayor or governor;
He packs his little knapsack up
And trots off in the van,
Ter start the fight and start it right,
The Reg'lar Army man;
The rattlin', battlin',
Colt or Gatlin',
Reg'lar Army man.

He makes no fuss about the job,
He don't talk big or brave,
He knows he's in ter fight and win,
Or help fill up a grave;
He ain't no "mamma's darlin'," but
He does the best he can,
And he's the chap that wins the scrap,
The Reg'lar Army man;
The dandy, handy,
Cool, and sandy,
Reg'lar Army man.

—*Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*

THE REGULAR ARMY, O.

The smoke of the battle fills the air and the dust is flying high;
We give three cheers for the volunteers and the men about to die.
For the heroes brave whom we know, we wave, as they charge in gallant style,
And we shout hurrah for the chance of war and the favor of Fortune's smile.
And the glorious deeds that the reader reads are the things we all may know;
But not so plain is the might and main of the Regular Army, O.

On the nation's tongue are the words unsung of this silent moving mass;
Yet the victories won by heart and gun might never come to pass
If their measured swing and their rifles' ring had not been there that day
To bear the brunt at the battle's front in the Regular Army way.
We give three cheers for the volunteers as they charge o'er a fallen foe—
It were better still if our throats might fill for the Regular Army, O.

In Time's great mint, when the circling glint of the glory coins are seen,
Their luster will strike on the boys alike, as their glorious deeds have been.

And as sure as Fate metes out to the great their fullest measure of right,
There shall be no song, but a record long of the ones who trained to fight.
There shall be no dime in the mint of Time struck out in the afterglow,
But an eagle of gold shall be unrolled for the Regular Army, O.

— *Tom Masson, in Life.*

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BEFORE SANTIAGO.

JULY, 1898.

WHO cries that the days of daring are those that are faded far,
That never a light burns planet-bright to be hailed as the hero's star?
Let the deeds of the dead be laureled, the brave of the elder years,
But a song, we say, for the men of to-day who have proved themselves their peers!

High in the vault of the tropic sky is the garish eye of the sun,
And down with its crown of guns a-frown looks the hill-top to be won;
There is the trench where the Spaniard lurks, his hold and his hiding place,
And he who would cross the space between must meet death face to face.

The black mouths belch and thunder, and the shrapnel shrills and flies;
Where are the fain and fearless, the lads with the dauntless eyes?
Will the moment find them wanting? Nay, but with valor stirred!
Like the leashed hound on the coursing ground they wait but the warning word.

"Charge!" and the line moves forward, moves with a shout and a swing,
While sharper far than the cactus-thorn is the spiteful bullet's sting.
Now they are out in the open, and now they are breasting the slope,
While into the eyes of death they gaze as into the eyes of hope.

Never they wait nor waiver, but on they clamber and on,
With "Up with the flag of the stripes and stars, and down with the flag of the don!"
What should they bear through the shot-rent air, but rout to the ranks of Spain,
For the blood that throbs in their hearts is the blood of the boys of Anthony Wayne!

See, they have taken the trenches! Where are the foemen? Gone!
And now "Old Glory" waves in the breeze from the heights of stern San Juan!
And so, while the dead are laureled, the brave of the elder years,
A song, we say, for the men of to-day, who have proved themselves their peers!

— *Clinton Scollard, in Leslie's Weekly.*

WHEELER AT SANTIAGO.

"General Wheeler started on the two miles' journey to the front in an ambulance. About half-way to the front he met some litters bearing wounded. The veteran, against the protest of the surgeons, immediately ordered his horse, and after personally assisting the wounded into the ambulance, mounted and rode onward. The men burst into frantic cheers, which followed the General all along the line."—*Correspondence of New York Tribune.*

Into the thick of the fight he went, pallid, and sick, and wan,
Borne in an ambulance to the front, a ghostly wisp of a man;
But the fighting soul of a fighting man, approved in the long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance, in the body of Fighting Joe.

Out from the front they were coming back, smitten of Spanish shells—
Wounded boys from the Vermont hills and the Alabama dells;
"Put them into this ambulance; I'll ride to the front," he said;
And he climbed to the saddle, and rode right on, that little old ex-Confed.

From end to end of the long blue ranks rose up the ringing cheers,
And many a powder-blackened face was furrowed with sudden tears,
As with flashing eyes and gleaming sword, and hair and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell rode little old Fighting Joe!

Sick with fever and racked with pain, he could not stay away,
For he heard the song of the yester-years in the deep-mouthed cannon's bay—
He heard in the calling song of the guns there was work for him to do,
Where his country's best blood splashed and flowed 'round the old red, white, and blue.

Fevered body and hero heart! This Union's heart to you
Beats out in love and reverence—and to each dear boy in blue
Who stood or fell 'mid the shot and shell, and cheered in the face of the foe
As, wan and white, to the heart of the fight, rode little old Fighting Joe!

— James Lindsay Gordon.

★ ★ ★

RAFFERTY OF "F."

GAUNT as a wolf from the hunger-ship,
Three weeks' stubble on chin and lip,
Grimed and stained with the Cuban mire,
An eye that gleamed with latent fire,
Mouth just made for a smile or joke,
But stern as steel when the Mausers spoke;
A woman's soft hand with band and lint
When the fight is done, but hard as flint

While a foe still faces the fighting line —
Talk o' your Captains! That was mine!
That's Rafferty of "F."

There were cheeks that paled; some whispered "Stop!"
But he laughed: "We will — when we get to the top."
"That spitting hell no mortal man
Can face one minute." "By God, I can!
Fours — right! Deploy!" And we faced the hill.
In dreams of horror I see it still.
With the bullets crooning adown the slope,
A knell to life and a dirge to hope;
But we set our teeth to the battle brunt,
And the yelling demon out in front
Was Rafferty of "F!"

Firm-gripped nettle forgets to sting;
Rush to the front when the bullets sing;
Fierce-fought fight is the soonest won;
Foe hard pressed will the quicker run —
That is the simple tactical plan
Of this fighting Irish gentleman.
We stormed the hill. Ah! but the bitter cost!
But ten to one for our hurt and lost,
We paid the score on the flying Don.
We'd swarm through hell with the lid spiked on
For Rafferty of "F."

— *J. L. H.*

SONG OF THE COLORED TROOPER.

BATTLE OF JULY 1 IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO.

O COME along, honey, feet off de groun',
An' take a han' in de game;
For hearts dey am trumps, an' its kyards all roun',
An' de bullets am callin' yo' name.

De bullets am callin' yo' name, honey!
De bullets am callin' yo' name!
An' yer won't fall back
Cuz yo' face am black,
An' de bullets am callin' yo' name!

O come along, honey, let yo'se'f loose
Fer Thirteen per an' fer fame!
Now doan' duck yo' head, fer it ain't no use
When de bullets am callin' yo' name.

De bullets am callin' yo' name, honey!
De bullets am callin' yo' name!
An' you'll show yo' han',
An' you'll ac' like a man
When de bullets am callin' yo' name!

O come along, honey, play out yo' han',
An' take de trick wif yo' aim;
Show yaller an' white dat de black's a man
When de bullets am callin' yo' name.

De bullets am callin' yo' name, honey!
De bullets am callin' yo' name!

An' it's no cake walk
When dem Mauser guns talk,
De bullets am callin' yo' name!

O come along, honey, hell is up dar,
It's time fer ter put out de flame;
Mah ear, dere it goes! nebber touched mah ha'r;
Guess de bullets am callin' mah name!

De bullets am callin' mah name, honey!
De bullets am callin' mah name!
Dough mah wool's still on,
Dere's a nudder ear gone—
Guess de bullets am callin' mah name!

O come along, honey, play out yo' han';
Dis chile am out ob de game—
De hottest ole fight since de Lawd made man—
An' de bullets am callin' mah name.

De bullets am callin' mah name, honey!
De bullets am callin' mah name!
Honey, doan' fall back,
Dough dey've taken mah jack,
An' de bullets am callin' mah name!

—*Eward F. Burns, in Boston Globe.*

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THE NEGRO SOLDIER.

We used to think the negro didn't count for very much—
Light fingered in the melon patch, and chicken yard, and such;

Much mixed in point of morals and absurd in point
of dress;
The butt of droll cartoonists and the target of the
press;
But we've got to reconstruct our views on color,
more or less,
Now we know about the Tenth at La Quasina!

When a rain of shot was falling, with a song upon
his lips,
In the horror where such gallant lives went out in
death's eclipse,
Face to face with Spanish bullets, on the slope of
San Juan,
The negro soldier showed himself another type of
man;
Read the story of his courage, coldly, carelessly, who
can —
The story of the Tenth at La Quasina!

We have heaped the Cuban soil above their bodies,
black and white —
The strangely sorted comrades of that grand and
glorious fight —
And many a fair-skinned volunteer goes whole and
sound to-day
For the succor of the colored troops, the battle records
say;
And the feud is done forever, of the blue coat and
the gray —
All honor to the Tenth at La Quasina!

— *B. M. Channing, in Boston Journal.*

WITH TEDDY.

ONLY boy we ever had,
Him that went with Teddy,
Tough and husky sort o' lad,
Rough and always ready.
Somewhat wildish in his way,
Ruther swear, I guess, than pray,
But as honest as the day,
Always true and steady.

Didn't like to see him go,
Me an' his ol' mother.
Both our hearts a packin' woe
We could scarcely smother.
Loved our boy almighty dear,
An' it knocked us out o' gear,
When he went an' left us here
'Lone with one another.

Used to set here every night,
Me an' my ol' woman,
Talkin' 'bout the way he'd fight
When he met the foeman.
Knowed he'd never flinch a bit,
Knowed he wasn't built to quit,
Knowed for sure he'd never git
Back an inch fur no man.

When the Denver people come
To the rench a tellin'
'Bout the fight, I made things hum
Dancin' an' a yellin'!

Whooped for Teddy an' the rest
With the wildest sort o' zest,
While the heart within me breast
Was with pride a swellin'!

Keep a readin' on an' on,
Whooped till mother hinted
That I acted like I'd gone
Actually demented!
Then a cloud came o'er my eyes,
An' I groaned in pained surprise
On one name they'd printed.

. . . .

Nothin' that the neighbors said,
Could our sorrow lighten.
Every time they'd mention Ned
Seemed the cinch 'd tighten!
Only gleam o' sun that shot
Through our souls with mis'ry fraught
Was the one consolin' thought,
That he died a fightin'.

— *Anon.*

★ ★ ★

SANTIAGO'S DEAD.

THERE are strains of martial music, and the sound
of muffled drum,
Every moment growing louder, as the soldiers nearer
come,

They are marching, slowly marching, to the camp ground of the dead,
With arms reversed, and solemn mien, and measured heavy tread.
Marching on, marching on, marching on, on, on,
While the muffled drum is tapping, they are slowly marching on.

They are marching with their heroes, who with their lives have sealed
Their loyalty to "Glory" on a crimson battle-field,
And that starry battle-banner, is now draped upon their biers,
As they're borne to that bivouac, so often wet with tears.
Marching on, marching on, marching on, on, on,
While the muffled drum is tapping, they are slowly marching on.

The bugle-call has sounded, for the soldier's last tattoo,
They are going to their quarters, those heroes of the blue—
Their comrades fire volleys over every hero's grave,
A soldier's fitting tribute, for "the bravest of the brave."
Marching on, marching on, marching on, on, on,
For their names in Glory's annals will be proudly marching on.

—*E. S. Roberts.*

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

The regiment stood in close ranks about the grave as the muffled figures were lowered gently, the chaplain calling out the names of each. He called the names of mule packer, salesman, cowboy, and last of all, Hamilton Fish, Jr., the young sergeant who was carried to the front to die, and whose watch bore the crests of Alexander Hamilton and Nicholas Fish, and the motto "God will give."— *Richard Harding Davis, in the New York Herald.*

BURY them, bury them side by side,
With the tropic grasses bending over,
Where the royal palm, all undenied,
Shall be their constant lover!

There, on the hillsides over the bay,
Over the beautiful Cuban valley,
Tenderly, tenderly lay them away—
Where they won their last fierce rally!

Oh, the desperate charge they made—
The flag of the Stars and Stripes before them,
And never a heart of these hearts afraid
To strike for the land that bore them.

Peace!—the Chaplain is calling their names,
Peace to the ashes to dust returning;
But earth cannot cover the light of their fames,
Or darken the glow of its burning!

Cowboy, clerk, and packer are here—
Fortune's favorite, dauntless and true—
One in their scorn of a coward fear,
One in their love for the Blue!

Northland, Southland, East and West—
Northland, Southland—never again!
West and East in a love confessed
Over these voiceless men!

Chaplain, call us again the rolls!
For earth hath never a melody
As sweet as the names of the hero souls
That strive to make men free!

Leave not one from the shining list—
Each is something transfigured now;
Over our eyes sweeps a holy mist,
A shadow is on each brow!

But "God will give" in the days to come;
God will give as ever He gives;
After the roar of musket and drum
He knows, He cares, He lives!

And these our mother is taking to sleep
In her deepest breast, by the Cuban bay
Shall ever be under the Father's keep—
And shall not pass away!

—John Jerome Rooney, in N. Y. Times.

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OUR NEW HEROES.

THEY'VE half-inch thick of tan upon their faces,
And some of them have freckles on their toes,
They've scars and bandages in sundry places
As proof of the attentions of their foes.

There are some who really ought to see the barber—
Their tailors surely never earned their pay—
But we'd know them anywhere as our new heroes—
The men the nation honors—Hip, hooray!

CHORUS—

They're coming home together
To meet us all again,
The men the nation honors,
The men who conquered Spain;
And when they march down Broadway,
We'll tear the sky with cheers—
For army and for navy,
And gallant volunteers.

There is Dewey, whom Augusti swore to murder,
To hang upon the trees with all his men;
But Dewey didn't understand the programme—
And so he smashed Montejo in his den.
There is Hobson, earned the foeman's admiration,
He bottled poor Cervera up so tight
That when the Spaniard fled in desperation
He had to make his dash in broad daylight.

There's the man who caught the Spanish ships escaping
And sent them all to Davy Jones's domain;
He kept the word he gave when first he saw them—
"Not one," he said, "would e'er get back to Spain."
There's Shafter and his men from Santiago,
They drew the lines so close about the town
That all the brave defenders there surrendered
And twenty thousand stands of arms laid down.

— Sydney Reid, in New York Sun.

MIGHTY FINE.

JEFF lived jes' off th' ol' plank road,
On a farm thet wus two b' four,
He didn't hev much t' say t' folks
Becuz he was humble an' pore;
But whenever anythin' pleased his eye
His withered ol' face 'd shine,
An' we'd hear him say in his quiet way:
"Say, boys, thet wus mighty fine!"

Once a Senator came t' th' County Fair,
An' he talked t' th' G. A. R.,
How they fought in th' war o' Sixty-one,
Th' Army man an' th' tar;
An' when he'd cracked up Lincoln some
Es a man almos' divine,
We heard Jeff say in his quiet way:
"Say, boys, thet wus mighty fine!"

An' when las' spring th' President said
He'd do up ol' haughty Spain
Fer doin' a villainous, treacherous deed
Like th' blowin' up o' th' "Maine,"
Ol' Jeff he threw his paper aside,
In a pleased way, I opine;
An' we heard him say in his quiet way:
"Say, boys, thet wus mighty fine!"

An' when th' President called fer men
An' a million answered th' call,

An' th' warn't 'nough guns t' go eround,
Ol' Jeff growd suddenly tall.
"I'm proud o' my country, boys," said he,
Es he chawed at th' end of a twine;
An' we heard him add in accents glad:
"Say, boys, thet wus mighty fine!"

Ol' Jeff hed a boy o' twenty-three,
An' a strappin' good feller, too,
An' when he heard th' wus goin' t' be war
He put on a suit o' blue;
An' when he started off t' th' train
Ol' Jeff never made a sign,
But he turned t' th' crowd an' said aloud:
"Say, boys, thet wus mighty fine!"

An' when he read o' th' Manila fight,
How Dewey hed smashed a fleet,
An' all the village went rippin' mad
An' hollerin' in th' street,
Ol' Jeff come down through his garden plot
An' he leant on th' harbor vine;
An' we heard him say in his quiet way:
"Say, boys, thet wus mighty fine!"

He never hollered ner shouted eround,
That sort, y' see, wa'nt ol' Jeff's way,
But he felt, you bet, in his good ol' heart,
Thet th' navy was come t' stay!
Thar wus po'try, too, in them gentle words,
A po'try we couldn't define,
When he'd turn an' say, in his quiet way:
"Say, boys, thet wus mighty fine!"

He'd borrer th' papers o' neighbors near
An' he'd read 'em all through at night,
An' then drop in at th' grocery store
An' tell what he thought o' th' fight.
When Hobson went int' th' mouth o' hell
An' laughed at th' Spanish mine,
We heard Jeff say in his quiet way:
"Say, boys, thet wus mighty fine!"

An' when th' report came over th' wire
How they'd stormed San Joo'n hill,
An' many a man wus dead an' gone
An' many a heart wus still,
Ol' Jeff, though he knowd thet his boy
Wus one thet made th' incline,
He wus heard t' say in his quiet way:
"Say, boys, thet wus mighty fine!"

An' when they brought th' pore lad back
In a narrer box o' pine,
An' th' village band played th' grim dead march,
An' th' hull town got in line,
An' th' minister said how brave he wus,
An' every eye filled with brine,
We heard Jeff say in a chokin' way:
"Say, boys, thet wus mighty fine!"

— *Harold MacGrath, in Syracuse Herald.*

AWK'ARD NED.

Jest a great big rural jay,
Greener than a cussed mango,
Come an' j'ined our troop one day
From a ranch down near Durango.
Awk'ard as a shepherd pup,
Hair a sort o' sunbur't yaller,
An' we straightway put him up
As a durn half-witted feller
Lackin' sense enough to eat
'Less'n someone 'd cut his meat.

Got to be the laughin' stock
O' the troop. Lord! how we guyed him;
Every move o' his we'd mock
But our actions never tried him.
Used to sometimes softly say
In a answer to our chaffin',
In a easy country way:
"Nothin' healthier than laughin';
Fun fur you, I guess, an' it
Isn't hurtin' me a bit."

When we sailed fur Cuby we
Used to say we'd see him vanish
Full o' sharp alacrity
Furst time that we struck the Spanish;
Used to fetch a laugh, an' say,
When the rifles got a poppin'
He would make a rearward play,
Like a ol' Jack-rabbit hoppin';

Then he'd answer sort o' slow:
"Mebbe yes, an' mebbe no."

I have read an' I've bin tol'
That there often comes a 'casion
When it's soothin' to the soul
Fur to make a straight confession,
An' I'm willin' to admit
In the hull cowboy battalion
Wasn't one of us that fit
Harder than that same rapscallion.
Even Colonel Teddy said
He was proud o' awk'ard Ned.

An' as we was standin' 'round
While the chaplain was a talkin',
Every eye spiked to the ground,
Every neck plum full o' chokin',
Him a layin' there in death
With a fight-look on his features,
Want to tell you, pard, the breath
Come durned hard to us vile creatures,
Eyes a snappin' shut like shears,
Bitin' off the risin' tears!

— *The Denver Poet.*

THE STALKING OF THE SEA WOLVES.

THEY had come from out of the east
To ravage and burn and kill,
And they stopped for a moment to rest and wait
In a landlocked harbor still.
But a grim sea dog there was
Who had stalked them through spray and foam,
And he came and he looked, and he smiled and said:
"They'll never get home!"

Then another old sea dog came,
And they sat them down to wait,
Untiring, stern, through long, dry days,
At the harbor's frowning gate.
Under the hot, fierce sun,
Under the still, blue dome,
The sea dogs waited, and watched, and growled
"They'll never get home!"

And the wolves came forth at last,
And the grim sea dogs closed in,
And the battle was won, and the Old Flag waved
Where the banner of Spain had been.
The colors of blood and gold
Sank deep in the churning foam,
And the sea dogs growled: "We have kept our word;
They'll never get home."

— *Chas. W. Thompson, in N. Y. Sun.*

HOBSON AND HIS MEN.

'Tis well to grant fair meed of praise
To daring deeds of bygone days,
Nor slight the worth of Homer's sires
Or Froissart's doughty knights and squires;
But to the dead heroic scroll
'Tis good to add the living roll.
Let honor's beaming sun arise,
The age of heroes never dies!

Aye! Let it shine and blazon forth
A deathless deed of matchless worth.
In full-orbed glory set the eight
Who dauntless dared a grewsome fate.
Would that old Froissart's prose were mine,
Or better, Homer's strain divine,
To hold forever up to view
The fame of Hobson and his crew!

Within the frowning batteries' range,
As to parade, sight passing strange,
They steadfast steered unmindful on,
Albeit ev'ry Spanish gun
Barked death — unmoved still, although
They knew torpedoes lay below;
And on her greatest trip and last
The "Merrimac" unscathed passed.

The channel, leading to the bay,
Had such a narrow, tortuous way,
A vessel scraped the rocky ledge,
And toiling slow would onward wedge.

The goal of which they went in quest
Was at that channel's narrowest;
They reached and stopped their laden boat,
Then sunk her down the harbor's throat.

The namesake of the rebel ram
Serves well her country for a dam,
And holds a hostile fleet in pound.
If their's would pass, it runs aground.
To starve or yield alternatives
The sunken vessel grimly gives;
To yield or starve and Spanish pride
On this dilemma must decide.

Where Morro's keep confronts the wave,
Lie those enchained, whom, being brave,
Despoiler death refused to slay.
Soon should a grateful country pay
A kingly ransom, exchange ten
Or hundred-fold for Hobson's men.
Too narrow, Morrow's dungeon bars
For heroes of the Stripes and Stars.

— *Thomas E. Smiley, in Indianapolis News.*

★ ★ ★

HOBSON.

AS TOLD BY MIKEY O'TOOLE.

Siz Hobson, of Allybama, I brought yez
A load of coal.
Siz Servery, it's just the very thing
I wahnt, bless yer soul.

Siz Hobson, I'll put er down in the
Bazemint for yez to get.
Siz Servery, hould on, if ye do it'll
All git mity wet.

Divil cares, siz Hobson, is this the
Bay of Santiago?
Never yez mind about the bay.
Dom the bay, siz the Dago.

That's phwat I'm tryin' to do, siz Hobson,
Both inds on the ground.
Siz Servery, lave room, plaze, for
A wheelbarry to go round.

'Dthin he siz, doo yez see me min a
Shootin' away at marks?
I doo, begorra, siz Hobson, they're
Skarrin' ahf all the sharks.

Pay for the coal, siz Hobson, I've
Put er all down in the bin.
Divil a cint I have, said Servery,
For you and the min.

'Dthin we'll boord with yez, siz Hobson,
Until ivery cint we git.
And he did, an' he's boording it out
With the Dago til yit.

—*Ironquill.*

THE HOBSON-ARNOLD KISS.

These verses were published the morning after the memorable kiss at Bath Beach.

Oh, the glamour
And the clamor
Of the Hobson-Arnold kiss!
Lovely Emma!
Sweet dilemma,
Which the hero couldn't miss!

At the seaside,
On the leeside
Of a summer hostelry,
Came the issue,
"May I kiss you?"
Chirped the maid to Richmond P

Eyes appealing
Set him reeling—
Luckiest he of living men!
Cuss the Dago!
Santiago
Had no charm for Richmond then.

For it true is
That St. Louis
Girls are neater, sweeter far
Than all others,
(Like their mothers)
Makes no difference who they are.

So the maiden,
Beauty-laden,
Glued a kiss upon the lips
That were cheerful
'Neath the fearful
Rain of lead from Spanish ships.

Hobson, go! You
Have all we owe you.
What are shells that madly whirl
To the blisses
Of the kisses
Of a sweet Missouri girl?

—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

★ ★ ★

HIS BLOOD.

Colonel Roosevelt is by descent French, Scotch, Dutch, and Irish.—*Current Newspaper Information.*

Zees Tayodore, ze "Ridaire Rude,"
Who led ze charge at Caney,
Possess a coorazh verra good,
Mon Dieu! He's von of many!
Ze papaires talk ze man upon
And praise hees hero-eesm;
Zey like zees new Napoleon,
Nor ees eet strange he please zem.
Pourquoi? He ees a Frenchman!

I ken a mon sae fu' o' fire
An' weel renoon deservin'

As he that fought mid reek an' mire,
Wi' nae retreat, nae swervin',
When Spanish shell an' Spanish gun
Besmeared the groun' sae redlie;
But his was nae the race to shun
Tho' sword an' shot be deadlie,
For, trulie, he's ae Scotchman!

It vas not gueer dis Roosevelt
Vas sooch a prave gommander;
I dells you I mineself haf felt
As pold as Alexander;
It vas der ploot, mine frients, der ploot,
Dot mages der vearless soldtier;
An' dere vas none von ha'f so goot —
Remember vot I toldt you —
As his, vor he's von Dutchman!

Av coorse our Teddy's bould and brave,
How ilse could he be other?
No foiner lad, Oi well belave,
E'er woman had for mother.
Av coorse he drubbed thim Spanyards haard
Down there at Santiago;
He's not the spalpeen to be scared
At any div'lish Dago,
Because, begob, he's Oirish!

Vraiment! Zees Tayodore ees grand!
Parceque he ees a Frenchman;
But dinna reck ae Scot is bond
To serve as any's henchman;

Dere vas no nation on der earth
So bold as vas der Deutscher;
An' ivery mon av anny worth
Is Oirish in the future,
As Teddy is this prisent!

— *W. D. Fox, in New York Sun.*

* * *

HYMN OF THE SANTIAGO SPANIARD.

We're going home, we're going home,
We're going home mañana,
And that is where we've got the bulge
On the dagoes in Havana.

We're going home, we're going home
To tell the folks the story
Of how we scoffed at and defied
And bowed before Old Glory.

We're going home, no more to roam
Through lands the Yanks are after,
And you can bet we'll shun the beat
Patrolled by big Bill Shafter.

Viva Toral! We're going home,
To give up war and folly—
We're going home, and glad to get
The chance to go, by golly!

— *Cleveland Leader.*

THE "VESUVIUS."

THERE is going to be some crumbling and some shaking down of walls,
There will be some lively dodging to and fro;
There is going to be an earthquake every time the captain calls
Upon the sturdy fellows at the gun to "let her go!"
Oh, the swarthy, sweating Spaniard will imagine Satan's there,
And that the fag end of the world has just come into sight,
And something more than rumor will be flying in the air
When the little old "Vesuvius" begins to dynamite.

There will be some lively spectacles worth going miles to see—
Some gorgeous pyrotechnical displays;
There will be some soaring castles and the patient mules will be
Strewn o'er the Cuban landscape in a thousand varied ways.
Oh, the swarthy, sweating Spaniard will imagine Satan's there,
And that the fag end of the world has just come into sight,
And something more than rumor will be flying in the air
When the little old "Vesuvius" begins to dynamite.

—*Cleveland Leader.*

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THE new "protected cruiser" cruised upon the ocean wide,
Till a man-of-war espied her and punched holes into her side.

And the man-of-war continued for a little while to float,
Till driven to the bottom by a new torpedo boat.

Then while the foe triumphant rubbed his hands and softly laughed,
Torpedo boat destroyers came and sunk the other craft.

And as the victor dashed about, through battle's smoke and murk,
Destroyers of torpedo boat destroyers did their work.

Whereat into the action something new in vessels came—
"Destroyers of destroyers of destroyers" was its name.

Which brings the matter down to date, where it will rest, no doubt,
Until some ten times wrecker of destroyers ventures out.

—*Anon.*

THE MOSQUITO FLEET.

You can talk about your squadrons
With their mighty battleships
And their rapid-sailing cruisers
That go off on scouting trips,
You may say that they in battle
Are extremely hard to beat;
They're not in it for a minute
With the new "Mosquito" fleet!

For last night, straight for the harbor
Of my sleeping room they made,
And most fearlessly and daring
Ran right through my screen blockade,
Then, with merciless projectiles
That project a dozen feet,
They bombarded my poor forehead,
Did this big "Mosquito" fleet!

With my swinging right-hand battery
I replied with several shots,
But in vain; for they kept cruising
At the speed of twenty knots.
So I sunk myself, exclaiming,
As to death I went so sweet:
"I was in it — JUST a minute,
With the new 'Mosquito' fleet!"

— *James Courtney Challiss.*

THE EAGLE AND THE VULTURE

Said the vulture to the eagle:
"I'm a looking straight at you."
Said the eagle to the vulture:
"Whoop-la! Yankee Doodle-do!"
Then the eagle and the vulture
Came together in the air,
And there ain't a sign of vulture
To be noticed anywhere,
Save a heap of bloody feathers.
But the eagle proudly flew
O'er the heights of Santiago
Screaming, "Yankee Doodle-do!"

Said Cervera in the morning:
"I'm a going to rush through."
Then said Schley to rash Cervera:
"I won't do a thing to you."
Then the two fleets came together
And they had a pretty fight,
And it ended in Cervera
Being in the vulture's plight.
Then the bands began a tooting,
And the brave blue-coated crew
Joined in screaming like the eagle:
"'Rah for Yankee Doodle-do!"

Said Linares to "Bill" Shafter:
"You can't catch me in a year."
Said "Bill" Shafter to Linares:
"I will get you, never fear."

Then "Bill" Shafter gave Linares
Sev'ral awful hearty whacks,
And Linares found he'd got it
Where the chicken got the ax.
Thereupon "Bill" Shafter's fighters,
Clad in Uncle Sammy's blue,
Sang upon that July morning,
"'Rah for Yankee Doodle-do!"

— *Omaha World-Herald.*

★ ★ ★

A BALLADE OF BLUE JACKETS.

The Don had his will with the "Maine,"
He set off his mine with a roar,
He quaffed to our dead his champagne,
And laughed till his sides they were sore;
And now he must settle his score,
And pay for his sport, as is right,
Our navy is brave, as of yore,
And Yankee blue-jackets can fight.

Perhaps we are not in the vein —
We pigs, as he's called us before —
To laugh at our sailor-boys slain,
And so his brave joke we deplore.
And flashing a bolt from the shore
And sinking a ship in the night
Was murder, our blue-jackets swore —
And Yankee blue-jackets can fight.

Our guns at Manila spoke plain,
And sharp was the message they bore,

As swift through the squadron of Spain
Our death-dealing hurricane tore;
As, riddled and rent to the core,
Each cruiser plunged down out of sight,
"One more for our sailors! one more!"
And Yankee blue-jackets can fight.

ENVOY.

Alfonso, just add to your store
Of learning, this sentiment trite,
Remember the war isn't o'er,
And Yankee blue-jackets can fight.

— *Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*

★ ★ ★

THE GNARLY SAILOR MAN.

It was a gnarly sailor man
Tattooed across the breast,
Who waddled toward a coil of rope
And sat thereon to rest.

The beard he wore was grizzly gray,
His face was crimson red,
He spat profusely at the tide
And scratched his ear and said:

"Time was when I was just a kid,
First follerin' the sea,
An' yarns like these was told within
The fo'c'sle to me.

"They told me of the spooky ship
Manned by a crew of ghosts
That rassled with the waves about
The Pattygony coasts.

"Likewise an' similar I heerd
Of speerit craft that would
Come bearin' down upon you in
Midocean neighborhood;

"Come bearin' down upon you till
There wan't two foot to spare—
Then disappeared in half a wink
An' left you shakin' there.

"Ay, man an' boy, fer forty year
I've heerd them tales of old;
I've set amongst my mates an' stared
At dreadful yarns they told.

"But stranger than the lot of them
Rolled up in one an' tied,
Is these here statements that we hear
Right now on ev'ry side.

"Ten hundred times as odd as is
That Flyin' Dutchman case
Is this about the Spanish fleet
Which we're a-givin' chase.

"They seen it up by Eastport, Maine,
One pleasant, quiet morn,
An' next day some one sighted it
A-roundin' of Cape Horn.

"An' in between, a merchantman
Comes in an' swears he viewed
Them ships in longitude 16
An' 80 latitude.

"But just as we have hunted it
An' when the place is found
A cable comes from Labrador:
'Spain's boats is here, aground.'

"Which makes us happy fer an hour,
An' then from Martinique
We hear: 'That Spanish squadron's here,
An' has been fer a week.'

"One ocean captain says he seen
Them vessels out at sea
Headed fer Spain an' also fer
The coast of Carribbee.

"Yet, speakin' of the self-same hour,
Another says their smoke
Caught his attention as he was
Ten mile off Cape Saint Roque.

"They fly by night, they fly by day;
A million knots or so
In half a minute is the speed
At which them Spaniards go.

"From Delagoa bay around
Up to the Benin bight
Is just a little, easy jaunt,
That takes up half a night.

"An' judgin' by the last reports
About their movements I'm
A liar if them ships ain't been
Six places at one time.

"It beats the Flyin' Dutchman cold,
It beats all ghosts an' such,
The way them Spanish warboats chase
Around the world so much.

"Them stories that I used to hear
In old times, as I says,
Ain't nothin' to what's printed in
The papers nowadays.

"As I was sayin'—" Down the pier
A boy, with all his might,
Came crying: "Extree! Extree, here!
De latest from de fight!"

The gnarly sailor paid his price
And turned the printed sheet,
Wherein a "special cablegram"
Looked up, his eyes to greet.

"I learn there are no Spanish ships,
And never were," he read.
The sailor man spat at the tide.
"Well, I'll be darned," he said.

—*Anon.*

SONG OF THE BATTLESHIP STOKERS.

HEAVE on the coal, to win the goal,
Of a blasting ocean war!
By pits of hell stand sentinel,
As the deadly cannon roar.
The engines beat in blanching heat;
Our battleship ploughs her course;
Up there they fight in cool daylight,
While we feed the monster's force.

Over the sea, our battery
Will lay waste the upper world;
And far from fame we feed the flame,
As the bursting bombs are hurled.
We cannot know the ebb and flow
Of the battle's rushing tide;
But hear the boom of unknown doom
Where the thundering warships ride.

Each moment passed may be our last,
For the crashing bomb-shells fly,
And the fires of fate reverberate
In the wide, smoke-laden sky.
In lurid night we feed the fight,
As the belching cannon roar,
Heave on the coal, to win the goal
Of our country's ocean war!

—*Katharine Coolidge.*

BATTLE PRAYER.

O God, at whose supreme behest
The clang of war may sound or cease,
May we but fight that gentle peace
On Cuba's Isle once more may rest.

If thought of dark revenge allure,
Or pride of place, or idle boast,
In Freedom's name purge Thou our host,
And make their motives just and pure!

Keep Thou our banner free from stain,
Its stripes like rays of morning light,
Its stars as clear and crystal bright,
As those which deck Thy winter train.

And in the din of war's alarm,
When love's soft voice is hard to hear,
Let tender mercy hover near
To drop her two-fold healing balm.

So shall our country ever be
The same as when in battle bold
She fought as giants fought of old;
But fought for peace and liberty.

—*Francis H. Tabor.*

THE MAN WHO COOKS THE GRUB.

We have read in song and story
Of "the man behind the gun."
He is given all the glory
Of the battles that are won;
They are filling up the papers
With his apotheosis,
And they tell about his capers,
While the shells about him hiss.
But behind the grimy gunner,
Steadfast through the wild hubbub,
Stands a greater god of battles—
'Tis the man who cooks the grub.

When the sky is rent with thunder
And the shell screams through the air,
When some fort is rent asunder
And destruction revels there;
When the men in line go rushing
On to glory or to woe,
With the maddened charges crushing
Heroes who are lying low;
There is one but for whose labors
There could be no wild hubbub,
And the greatest god of battles
Is the man who cooks the grub.

What of ships with armor plating?
What of castles on the heights?
What of anxious captains waiting
While the careful gunner sights?

What of all the long-range rifles?
What of men with valiant hearts?
These were but impotent trifles,
But inconsequential parts
Of the whole, without the fellow
Who must scour, scrape, and scrub—
For the greatest god of battles
Is the man who cooks the grub.

—*Anon.*

★ ★ ★

CAPTAIN PHILIP.

When the Spanish flag was pulled down on the "Almirante Oquendo," the commander of the "Texas" gave the order to his men: "Don't cheer, because the poor fellows are dying."

THE victor looks over the shot-churned wave
At the riven ship of his foeman brave
And the men in their life-blood lying;
And the joy of the conquest leaves his eyes,
The lust of fame and of battle dies,
And he says: "Don't cheer; they're dying."

Cycles have passed since Bayard the brave—
Passed since Sydney the water gave,
On Zutphen's red sod lying;
But the knightly echo has lingered far—
It rang in the ears of the Yankee tar,
When he said: "Don't cheer; they're dying."

—*Charles W. Thompson, in N. Y. Sun.*

VICTORY.

Respectfully dedicated to Captain Philip, of the battle-ship "Texas," July 3, 1898.

THE victory's ours! The foeman's vaunted fleet,
Pledged to defend its haughty nation's pride,
Is torn with shot and shell, and furnace heat.
And men aflame with passion's fiercer tide
Sink from our sight: "Don't cheer!"

In foreign homes, hearts ache and vainly plead
For quick return of brother, son or sire;
Body and spirit fast are being freed
'Neath kindly wave, or steel-girt funeral pyre.
'Twill soon be o'er! "Don't cheer!"

Their work is done; they bravely fought and lost;
Restrain the victor's vibrant, ringing breath;
Send no exultant note the space across
To mock the vanquished in the hour of death.
"They're dying, boys! Don't cheer!"

Now to the God of battles, lift the heart
With reverent, upward look, and pledge anew
In this, the hour of triumph, that your part
Shall still be borne to home and honor true
"My hero-boys! Don't cheer!"

— *Sara C. Wilbur, in Midland Monthly.*

A SONG OF HEROES.

THEY sing about the admirals; likewise the commodores,
An' the men that take their orders up on deck,
An' the lads that feed the big gun while it rears its head and roars
A-pinin' for to see another wreck.
You'd think they'd gone clean through the list and never skipped a thing,
With their "jolly tars," "hooray," and "yo-heave-ho!"
But there's none as tunes a string
While he lifts 'is voice to sing
Of the Jackies wot's a-stokin' down below.
Oh, it's here's to him a-fightin'
Where the shot kicks up a spray,
It's glorious and excitin'
When he rushes to the fray,
But there ought to be some snatches
On the way it stirs your soul
When they batten down the hatches
While you shovel in the coal.

We don't go much on uniforms. In all that heat and dirt,
With flames a-reachin' out to eat the air,
It's just a waste of etiquette to wear a woolen shirt;
You never have your picture taken there.
It's no use to deny it; in your throat there comes a lump,

As you think of home and wonder where you'll go
While your heart begins to thump
Like the wheels that clang and thump
Round the Jackies wot's a-stokin' down below.
Oh, it's here's to him a-fightin'
And a takin' steady aim;
If he's hurt there's some delight in
Thinkin' he can do the same
By the first un' that he catches—
But we don't know wot's the goal
When they batten down the hatches
While we shovel in the coal.

It's a glorious consolation in the toilin' and the thirst
To wipe the wetness from our brows and think
That we're handsomely provided for, in case we meet the worst,
With a million-dollar coffin when we sink.
Our hearts is in the fightin' tops; we're wishin' we was there
A-doin' of our duty by the foe,
But each must take his share
And they couldn't hardly spare
The Jackies wot's a-stokin' down below.
So here's to them that's fightin';
Here's to the pilot, too;
We trust 'em to be right in
Any job they're out to do.
Maybe we're to meet our matches—
But it's all past our control
When they batten down the hatches
While we shovel in the coal.

It ain't the bloomin' admirals; it ain't the commodores
That the Spaniards is a wishin' for to-day,
Nor yet the lads that handle ammunition out o' doors,
Where you stand a little chance to get away.
They've had fighters in their fam'lies and the cubs'll fight again,
But they answered up most cautious-like and slow
When it comes to askin' men
To be huddled in the pen —
To be Jackies wot's a-stokin' down below.
Says they: "We'll do your fightin',
But that locker ain't our size,
Where you wedge the men so tight in" —
Fur them Dagoes realize
What uncertainty attaches
To the fellers in a hole
When they batten down the hatches
While we shovel in the coal.

— *Washington Star.*

★ ★ ★

THE KNIGHT IN YELLOW.

War is on and I am going,
Mary dear.
It is largely of my doing —
I have kept the thing a-brewing,
Kept the pot a-boiling, stewing
For a year.

I talked loud when others hated
To sail in,
And my wrath was ne'er abated.
Now it comes, somewhat belated,
Comes the war I have awaited
To begin.

Yes, the haughty foe, we'll whale him,
Fan him out.
Our staunch Yankee lads 'll nail him,
And our prairie boys 'll flail him,
While our Southerners will impale him
Without doubt.

What is that? Just let me be,
Darling one—
I am talking—Cuba free
Or Cuba slave, they'll never see
Buzzard's meat made out of me—
You catch on?

One kiss, Mary, at the door—
Don't you cry—
And when cruel war no more
Hovers over sea and shore,
From Toronto I'll come o'er.
There—good-bye.

—*D. F. Peffly.*

THE WAY IN THE NAVY.

"Destroy or capture the enemy's ships"—the Commodore hears the word,
Nor as welcome a sound to his seaman ears in many a day's been heard;
So up and away the squadron goes, the steam is crowded on;
The ocean hounds have taken their bounds to seek the wily Don!
They seek him there, in his inmost lair, where he dreams he lies secure,
And little they reck of the burly mine or the sly torpedo's lure.
"Find and grapple"—the law they keep, they want no other chart;
"Destroy or capture"—enough for them—the A and Z o' the art!
And if you would know who told them so
You'll find from the men, above or below,
You'll find from friend and you'll find from foe—
"It's a way they have in the navy!"

"Clear for action," the signal waves; with a cheer the men reply—
Not a man or a boy, from stem to stern, was afraid to do and die!
With mighty leaps the squadron sweeps thro' the living hell of fire,
And ever the foe, as the tempests blow, is nigher yet and nigher!

Boom! roars the thirteen-incher now 'gainst the riven armor plate,
The Gatling joins, in its searching way, in the seething hot debate —
"They strike! they strike!" — they run, they run — they seek to save who can —
The pride of Spain is under the main, and it's twenty minutes' span!
And if you should ask how the trick was done,
How the fight was ended and how begun,
You'll find, in fixing just how they won —
"It's a way they have in the navy!"

See! see! they raise the signal flag to show their dire distress;
Oh, bitter indeed must be the need when fighting men confess!
Lower and lower sink their ships — sore stricken of limb and breath —
And sudden around them leap the flames in a blazing shroud of death.
"To the rescue, boys!" the Commodore waves — but little need for the sign,
For the boats shoot out, like living things, the length o' the Yankee line;
Round and round the hulks they go, and round and round again,
With never a care for the booty there — for they're saving the lives of men!
And if you should wonder why thus they go
To succor and save a fallen foe,
You'll find, with the men above and below —
"It's a way they have in the navy!"

— *John Jerome Rooney, in New York Times.*

McKINLEY TO MILES.

Sez McKinley to Miles, sez he,
  Here's a job, shure, that's cut out for you.
There's a cross-grained old Don
In the town of San Juan,
  That I want y' to go an' do,
Sez he,
Sez McKinley, sez he, to Miles.

Sez McKinley to Miles, sez he,
  I'll ax you to do th' thing quick,
An' ye'll not a bit vex us
Ef you push in his plexus,
  Shure, y' know how to do thot same thrick,
Sez he,
Sez McKinley, sez he, to Miles.

Sez McKinley to Miles, sez he,
  Give him wan on the joog-u-lar vein,
An' a couple o' swats
In th' thin o' th' slats,
  B' th' way o' remiberin' th' "Maine,"
Sez he,
Sez McKinley, sez he, to Miles.

Sez McKinley to Miles, sez he,
  Don't fool wid th' son-of-a-gun,
But keep at him, sez he,
Till he's half fricassee;
  That's the kind of a job I want done,
Sez he,
Sez McKinley, sez he, to Miles.

—*Philadelphia Evening Call.*

THEIR DADDIE'S KIDS.

I was sittin' and a thinkin'
That we'd fallen in repute,
That the young uns growin' around us
Wasn't heavy on the shoot;
I was thinkin' of the volunteers
Of thirty years ago,
And I'd kinder got it in my head
That the young uns was too slow;
That they hadn't got the git-up
That me and you had then,
And I feered the sneakin' Spaniard
Wouldn't find them fightin' men;
But bless my soul and breeches,
If every consarned kid
Aint a featherin' in and lickin' em
Jist like their daddies did.

Why Dewey and his Yankee tars
Down in Manila Bay,
Cleaned out the Dons in pretty style
Some time along in May;
And the kids stood bravely to their guns
And fired fast and true,
Till Yankee shot on Spanish steel
Played Yankee Doodle doo;
And then, in thinkin' over it,
I thought it might be luck;
But now we know that Dewey won
By downright Yankee pluck.

Why! they're our boys that's with him,
And every mother's kid
Is itchin' to git at 'em
Just like their daddies did.

And then, them there Rough Riders
A chargin' up the hill
Amid a storm of fire
When the Spanish shot to kill;
I tell you my old eyes watered
An' I felt young once more,
An' longed to be there with 'em
Amid the cannon's roar.
But they have no need of veterans,
For blamed if every kid
Don't feather in an' fight like smoke,
Just like their daddies did.

Old Glory floats in triumph,
The emblem of the free,
O'er a hundred million freemen,
On the masts in every sea;
An' when our pilgrimage is o'er,
An' we're laid beneath the sod,
We'll leave Old Glory with the boys,
Who, by the help of God,
Will keep it floatin' in the front,
Where honor leads the way.
For succeedin' generations
Will produce the Yankee kid,
Who'll always battle for the right
Just like his daddy did.

—Prof. J. H. Brinkerhoff.

ANANIAS OUTDONE.

Two ghastly shapes came stealing from
A deep and ancient grave;
They heard the never silent hum
That marks the human wave.

They heard the newsboys' strident shout,
And one did stop and buy;
And through the sheet thus hawked about,
He scanned with eager eye.

And as he read the headlines o'er
His face grew peaked and pale,
And when he'd read a little more
He grasped the nearest rail.

"Sapphira, dear," he faintly cried,
"This war news, bold and brash,
Convinces me we never lied—
Our record's gone to smash!"

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

OUR SOLDIERS' SONG.

When the destruction of Cervera's fleet became known before Santiago, the soldiers cheered wildly and with one accord, through miles of trenches, and began singing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Singing "The Star-Spangled Banner"
In the very jaws of death!
Singing our glorious anthem,
Some with their latest breath!
The strains of that solemn music
Through the spirit will ever roll,
Thrilling with martial ardor
The depths of each patriot soul.

Hearing the hum of the bullets!
Eager to charge the foe!
Biding the call to battle,
Where crimson heart streams flow!
Thinking of home and dear ones,
Of mother, of child, of wife,
They sang "The Star-Spangled Banner"
On that field of deadly strife.

They sang with the voices of heroes,
In the face of the Spanish guns,
As they leaned on their loaded rifles,
With the courage that never runs.
They sang to our glorious emblem,
Upraised on that war-worn sod,
As the saints in the old arena
Sang a song of praise to God.

—David Graham Adee, in N. Y. Herald.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

Our Father in heaven, we hallow Thy name,
In Thee is our trust placed, our confidence grounded,
Defend Thou the right, to the righteous bring fame,
But crush Thou all tyrants; may their arts be confounded.
Free the suffering slave,
And inspire every brave
With courage and strength that is mighty to save.

Chorus—

For so shall the Star-Spangled Banner long wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

God bless our loved land, bless our President, too,
Bless our army and navy, our judges and congress,
Bless the people, O Lord, and bless all they do
To enlighten the nations and help the world's progress..
Guide Thou all their ways,
Grant them lengthening of days,
And to Thee we'll give thanks, honor, glory, and praise.

And when we in war shall be forced to engage,
To free the oppressed or repel an invader,

Though millions her foes and though madness their rage,
We'll not fear for our land if Thou do but aid her.
So, Lord, for us fight,
Pray defend Thou the right,
And bring to those vict'ry who trust in Thy might.

— *Detroit News-Tribune.*

★ ★ ★

AT THE OLD STAND.

"The man who used to stand around
And tell why war should be begun,
Who howled for gore long, long before
The evil to the 'Maine' was done —
Where is he now, oh, prythee, say?
Has he gone out to meet the foe?
Was he with those who marched away
To lay the hated Spaniard low?"

"Nay, he was not among the men
Who shouldered arms and hurried out
With vows to come home only when
The tricky foe is put to rout —
The man who wanted blood to run
Is here and howling as before;
It seems 'the fools at Washington'
Ignore his plans for making war."

— *Anon.*

THE RED CROSS.

They, too, have heard the drum-beat,
They follow the bugle's call,
These who are swift with pity
On the field where brave men fall.

When the battle boom is silent,
And the echoing thunder dies,
They haste to the plain red sodden
With the blood of sacrifice.

The flag that floats above them
Is marked with a crimson sign,
Pledge of a great compassion,
And the rifted heart Divine,

That once for man's redemption,
Knew earth's completest loss,
These to the field of valor
Bring love's immortal cross.

And so they follow the bugle,
And heed the drum-beat's call,
But their errand is one of pity—
They succor the men who fall.

Grand Army Advocate.

THE RED CROSS ARMY NURSE.

The praises of the admirals are ringing everywhere;
The plaudits of the generals are singing in the air;
The men who sailed to sink their lives within the "Merrimac"
(So dauntless they that even death was fearful to attack)!
The hard marines whose tactics knew no signal for retreat;
In the rain of Mauser bullets and the drench of tropic heat,
The rough-and-ready riders in their resolute advance;
All make our daily records a continuous romance.
We cry them in our stories; we chant them in our verse,
But let us sing a stanza for the Red Cross army nurse.

She is in the foremost battle, she is in the rearmost tents,
She wears no weapon of attack, no armor of defence;
She is braver than the bravest, she is truer than the true,
She asks not if the soldier struck for red and white and blue,
She asks not if he fell beneath the yellow and the red;
She is mother to the wounded, she is sister to the dead.
The victor's cheers ring in her ears, but these she does not heed;
The victim's moans and dying groans are given as her meed

And many a suffering hero chokes his blind and sullen curse
To smooth it to a blessing for the Red Cross army nurse.

Work on, O noble army, and the crown of crowns be yours,
Not always shall destruction be the glory which endures.
It is coming, it is coming; you are helping on the day
When we learn the nobler action is to succor, not to slay:
It is coming, it is coming; you are aiding it along,
When we know the feeblest nation is as potent as the strong;
It is coming, it is coming; you are bringing it to pass,
When the ships have shed their armor and the fortresses are glass;
But in the stormy waiting till the armaments disperse,
Our blessings on the flower of war — the Red Cross army nurse!

— *J. Edmund Vance Cooke.*

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MY WAR GIRL.

She wore a dress of navy blue,
The collar white and blue and red,
A striped belt — and stockings, too;
A sailor hat was on her head.

Red, white and blue her chatelaine;
She had a flag beneath her chin,
She wore a badge — "U. S. S. Maine,"
A tiny cannon for a pin.

She wore a shell-comb in her hair,
With army buttons all embossed;
Some swords were also sticking there,
And at her belt small rifles crossed.
Her pocketbook was knapsack shape,
Her smelling bottle a wee canteen
Containing essence of "Crushed Grape" —
The neatest thing I'd ever seen.

Her face was patriotic, too,
And full of everlasting charms;
Her cheeks were red, teeth white, eyes blue;
She also had repeating arms.
In fact, she was in "fighting trim,"
So an "engagement" I did seek;
And though my chance to win was slim,
I cruised around about her cheek.

Puff! Suddenly she fired at me
A perfect fusilade of smiles!
It shook my heart "windward" to "lee."
Re-echoing for miles and miles!
My rapid-firing lips I turned
Upon her then (*for they were loaded*),
But when the fast-sent kisses burned,
The powder on her face exploded!

— *James Courtney Challiss.*

THE OLD MAN'S BOYS.

"We had two sons," the old man said unto the listening crowd,
"Two strappin', husky boys of whom we was almighty proud.
From infancy we watched 'em grow, an' tried to raise 'em right;
An' all the neighbors used to say they was uncommon bright.
In every class at school they stood almighty near the head,
An' when they left their boyhood home admirin' people said
They sure would make their mark in life; would some day write our name
In characters that all could read upon the scroll of fame.

"We never dreamed that war'd come, in them bright, peaceful days,
Or that the kids 'd want to go where warfires was ablaze,
An' when the letter come that told that both of them would go
My heart jest seemed a jumpin' lump o' pain, it hurt me so!
I broke the news to mother in the gentlest way I knowed,
An' it jest seemed to break us down, so heavy was the load.

An' in the apprehensive fear that mebbe they might fall,
Our cup of agony seemed full of wormwood an' of gall!

"One of 'em is a lyin' now on Santiago Bay.
An' one lies 'neath the tropic sun at Ponce, fur away,
An' I've bin told a many a time by them as knows their worth,
There ain't two more accomplished liars on top of God's green earth.
No, sir, they are not boys in blue; they're far too smart, I think,
To fight when they kin make a durned sight more a slingin' ink.
They've too much *savey* in their heads for soldierin', I guess—
Both of 'em's correspondents fur the 'Sociated Press."

—*Denver Post.*

★ ★ ★

THE ABSENT BOY.

THEY miss him in the orchard where the fruit is sunning over,
And in the meadow where the air is sweet with new-mown hay,
And all about the old farm which knew him for a lover,
From the early seedtime onward till the crops were piled away.

They miss him in the village where nothing went
without him,
Where to-day the young folks' parties are dull and
incomplete,
They cannot just explain it, there was such a charm
about him,
The drop of cheer he always brought made com-
mon daylight sweet.

And now he's gone to Cuba, he's fighting for the
nation,
He's charging with the others, a lad in army blue.
His name is little known yet, but at the upland
station,
They all are sure you'll hear it before the war is
through.

And when you talk of battles, and scan the printed
column,
His regiment's the one they seek, his neighbors
think and care;
The more they do not speak of it, their look grows
grave and solemn,
For somewhere in the thick of strife, they know
their boy is there.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE ONE WHO WON'T BE THERE.

I DON'T think I'll go in to town to see the boys come back;
My bein' there would do no good in all that jam and pack;
There'll be enough to welcome them — to cheer them when they come
A-marchin' bravely to the time that's beat upon the drum —
They'll never miss me in the crowd — not one of 'em will care
If, when the cheers are ringin' loud, I'm not among them there.

I went to see them march away — I hollered with the rest,
And didn't they look fine that day, a-marchin' four abreast,
With my boy James up near the front, as handsome as could be,
And wavin' back a fond farewell to mother and to me!
I vow my old knees trembled so, when they had all got by,
I had to jist set down upon the curbstone there and cry.

And now they're comin' home agen! The record that they won
Was sich as shows we still have men when men's work's to be done!

There wasn't one of 'em that flinched, each feller
stood the test—
Wherever they were sent they sailed right in and
done their best!
They didn't go away to play—they knowed what
was in store—
But there's a grave somewhere, to-day, down on the
Cuban shore!

I guess that I'll not go to town to see the boys
come in;
I don't jist feel like mixin' up in all that crush and
din!
There'll be enough to welcome them—to cheer them
when they come,
A-marchin' bravely to the time that's beat upon the
drum,
And the boys'll never notice—not a one of 'em will
care,
For the soldier that would miss me ain't a-goin' to
be there!

—*Cleveland Leader.*

★ ★ ★

THE MAN BEHIND THE TAPE.

We've praised the men behind the guns
In story and in verse;
The man behind the shovel, too,
Was voted not so worse.
We've praised the man behind the pans
That cooked the fighters' lunch;

And now what have we for the man
Behind the little bunch
Of tape,
Red tape?

We've sung about the man behind
The guns till we are hoarse;
The man behind the smokestack has
Been praised a bit, of course.
The man behind the rolling-pin
Has had his lyric hunch;
And now what have we for the man
Behind the little bunch
Of tape,
Red tape?

— *Baltimore American.*

★ ★ ★

AN IMMORTAL CROWN.

With dauntless breast, when Duty calls,
He answers, "Here!" and tho' he falls
And dies, where war's harsh thunders roll,
Death cannot fright his fearless soul.

Up from the ills and cares of life;
Up from the din of mortal strife,
To find, beyond Death's frowning portal,
A Victor's crown and life immortal.

— *Anon.*

WE LEFT HIM ON THE FIELD.

They marched along the crowded street
With faces brown and worn;
The flag that o'er them waved its folds
Was shell and bullet torn.
"What of my boy?" a mother cried!
A soldier marching by
Turned quickly when he heard the call,
And caught that mother eye.
"What of your boy? He was a man—
The kind that does not yield.
He fell in Santiago's fight,
We left him on the field."

"We left him on the field,
Where Spanish foemen reeled.
He died beneath his country's flag—
We left him on the field."

"We left him on that bloody field
Beneath the tropic sun,
And many a gallant boy lay there
Before the day was done.
We rushed their trenches, one by one,
While bullets came like hail;
Full many a brave lad bit the dust;
But never one did quail.
'Gainst Spanish blood and Spanish guile
Our hands and hearts were steeled—

Your boy did all a hero could—
We left him on the field."

"We left him on the field,
Where battling foemen reeled.
He died a young American—
We left him on the field."

The mother turned to leave the spot,
With sobs that shook her frame.
The glory of her country's flag
To her was but a name.
While people cheered the marching troops
She stood with drooping head.
She could not think, she could not speak—
Her boy—her boy—was dead!
She slowly raised her face to heaven
And silently appealed—
While through her brain still rang the words—
"We left him on the field."

"We left him on the field,
Where Spanish foemen reeled.
Your boy was ours as well as yours—
We left him on the field."

—James Stuart Dixon, in Detroit Tribune.

LAST TAPS.

CARRY him out and put him away,
Reveille no more wakes him now;
We've sounded his last "Lights out" to-day,
And the dust has fallen on lips and brow;
So leave him there, leave him there, resting still,
With heed no more for retreat or drill.

Lead his horse back to the camp again,
Lead the beast kindly, for, don't you see,
He frets at the guidance of other men—
He misses the press of familiar knee;
So lead him back over the glaring sand
Kindly, for sake of the other hand.

Three volleys over the trooper's grave,
And he moved no eyelid at noise of the three.
"Ave" the first, to the soul of the brave,
And the second "God speed" from the company,
And the last said "Vale," and then we turned
And left him waiting what peace he had earned.

We shed no tear and we make no moan
For the man who has left us to rest a while.
We pity him, lying there all alone,
We recall old gesture and quiet smile;
But why should we weep for him now, when he
Wanted "Lights out" through eternity?

— *Theodore Roberts, in The Independent.*

PEACE AT LAST.

Now the war drum throbs no longer,
And the battle-flags are furled;
We exclaim in tones of rapture,
"We're at peace with all the world!"
Peace at last, in all our borders,
Peace in all our wide domain;
On the land and on the waters—
Peace at last with haughty Spain.

Homeward soon the son and brother,
Home the lover and the man.
Friends will gladly hail their coming—
Some, alas! will wait in vain.
Pitying angels hover o'er them,
Kiss away their falling tears,
Cheer the homes, so sad and lonely,
Cheer their hearts through coming years.

God of nations, we would praise thee!
Freedom's battle fought and won!
Broken every chain and fetter!
Free the father and the son!
May the isles so fair and fruitful,
Where the Stars and Stripes shall wave,
Be transformed, redeemed, uplifted—
Never calling man a slave.

Blessed peace! We hail its coming,
Bringing blessings in its train,

Blessings for the isles of ocean,
Blessings yet, we trust, for Spain.
May the Gospel's light and glory,
Bid its sin and strife to cease,
'Till that land of ancient story,
Welcomes in the Prince of Peace.

—*Mrs. Mary B. Wingate.*

★ ★ ★

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

THERE'S a happy time coming,
When the boys come home.
There's a glorious day coming,
When the boys come home.
We will end the dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gory
In a sunburst of glory
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter,
When the boys come home,
For our hearts will be lighter,
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest,
When the boys come home,

And their cheer will ring the loudest,
When the boys come home.
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty,
When the boys come home,
And their uniforms dusty,
When the boys come home.
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them,
When the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them,
When the boys come home.
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dissever
From the nation's heart forever,
When the boys come home.

— *John Hay.*

★ ★ ★

GIT ER SHOUTIN'.

Listen, chillun, don' you' hear hit?
Daddy's sayin' wah is don'.
'Pears lak some one ought ter cheer hit,
Beat er drum, or shoot er gun.

Looks 'sif the rockets ought ter
Get ter blazin' crost de sky,
Caze our sojers up an' fought 'er,
Landin' Spain jes' high an' dry.

W'en our sojers went to Cuba
Drums they beat, an' bugles blowed,
Everybody danced a juba,
Sendin' Spain off down de road.

Now we'se don' hit, w'at's de reason
We don't celebrate for peace?
Reckon hit's er joyful season
W'en dem spunky guns kin cease.

Reckon dat er men er fightin'
Mighty glad de wah is done;
Glad ter see dem Spaniards kitin'
Fast as dey kin scoot an' run.

Lawsee, chillun, doan' you hear hit?
Wah is don' fer, peace is come;
Yet dar hain't no one ter cheer hit,
Ring er bells, an' beat er drum!

Hi, you niggahs, get er scootin',
Tote dat flag up yondah hill!
Git you' hohns, an' set 'em tootin'—
Don' yo' dah ter keep 'em still!

I'se so glad de wah is ober,
Glad de fightin' gwine ter cease;
Golly, chillun, wese in clober—
Git ter shoutin' now fer peace!

—*Detroit Journal.*

WHEN THE FLAG COMES HOME.

When the flag comes home, when the streets are filled
With the sound of marching feet;
When the war drums cease and the sword is sheathed,
And lips to lips repeat—
"'Tis the hero there from the battle's glare,
Hurrah! for the brave and true,
And hurrah for the flag, the grand old rag
Of the Red and White and Blue!"

When the cannon's roar is heard no more,
When the soldiers from the fray
Come back from the strife to babes and wife
There'll be music down the way.
And the ranks will hold the heroes bold
With the flag above them sweet,
As they march along to a welcome song,
From the lips they long to greet.

The flag that floats while a thousand throats
Repeat its song of praise;
The flag that led where the bullets sped
Through the smoke of the battle haze;
The flag that's the pride of the brave who died
And sank to the soldiers' rest,
With a sigh of love for the stars above,
And it folds upon its breast.

When the flag comes home, and it passes by,
And the files march one by one,

The sun's bright ray will burn that day
As it never yet has done;
While the people's cheer will echo clear,
And the banners wave on high,
For the heroes true, dear land, for you
That fought 'neath the tropic sky.

When the flag comes home, will all be gay?
Will all whose loved were there
Stand by to shout when the crowds turn out,
Or whisper a lonely prayer?
For the hosts may come, but the muffled drum
Has played the dirges drear
For heroes slain in the awful rain
They faced without a fear.

When the flag comes home some hearts will weep,
And little eyes with tears
Will fill for the thoughts of sorrows wrought
For them through the long, long years,
And a mother's ear no more will hear
The step she used to know;
And a widow's heart will beat apart
In a grave where the lilies grow.

But the flag, ah! sweet, down lane and street,
When it comes from the fields of war,
The people's cheer will echo clear
And they'll love it more and more—
For the victories won 'neath the tropic sun,
For the heroes stepping gay
As the war drums beat and the thousands greet
The ranks that marched away.

But better still, for the deeds that thrill
The heart with tenderness,
For the sad and lone who yearn and moan
In vain for the dear caress
Of a hand that lies 'neath the tropic skies
With a musket in his grasp,
And a little face with a smile of grace,
In a locket's golden clasp.

And better still for the brave and true,
Who fell on the battle field,
Who faced the fray in the hero-way
And knew not how to yield;
Who sank to sleep where the grasses creep,
In the soldier's dreamless rest—
With a sigh of love for the flag above
And its folds upon their breast.

—*Anon.*

★ ★ ★

PAX VOBISCUM.

All hail the olive branch, borne to the ship of state!
Leonine lately seemed the nation roused; yet now
Her countenance turns lamb-like as she doth await,
To greet her sons returning to the shop and plow.
From north and south, from east and west, they poured,
When she had called their aid and bade them take the sword.

The din of battle o'er the blood-stained field hath ceased;
The smoke of conflict by the winds is wafted thence;
The cry for vengeance (strong it was) hath been appeased.
'Tis great, as conq'rors to condone a foe's offense;
'Tis greater still not to betray the hopeful trust
Of hapless peoples, who have found deliverers just.

"Peace hath her victories," her Sabbath bells peal high,
Although their chimes sound joyous, voicing naught but mirth,
Yet hearts bereaved by war's ravages, passing by,
Are minded of their losses sore and tears afresh burst forth.
No festival can still the mourning for the dead,
Or change to drops of joy the bitter tears they shed.

The gentle touch of time alone may soothe such grief.
Oh! nation, triumphant and strong in all thy pride,
Bow humbly down, nor cease within thy heart's belief
And creed of creeds to honor duly those who died
On land and sea; the threefold priceless legacy
Of honor, love, and life they gave to thee.

— *Thomas E. Smiley, in Indianapolis Sentinel.*

A HYMN OF VICTORY.

It is won!
Silent musket, shell and gun.
Flash the tidings east and west!
Bells of all the Christian lands,
Clap your mighty iron hands.
Love has succored the distrest.
War is done!

Might was right
In the fierce and stubborn fight!
While the Stars waved o'er the fleet
God was sitting on His throne.
Freedom battled not alone;
Lightnings from the judgment seat
Smote men's sight!

Praise be Thine,
God of battle, Power Divine!
We, Thy servants, at Thy word,
Flung the banner Thou hast blest
O'er the pleading and oppressed.
Here, oh, Justice, is thy sword
Red as wine!

Now at last,
Let the battle rage be past!
To the foeman stricken sore
Let us stretch the brother hand.
Peace unto his troubled land,
And an honored flag once more
To his mast!

— *James Buckham, in Leslie's Weekly.*

THE NEW UNITED STATES.

THERE's a bustle in Hawaii,
    There's a stir in the Ladrones;
We may talk with Porto Rico
    Through long-distance telephones.
And each morning at our doorway,
    With the ink still fresh and wet,
Is laid down the last edition
    Of the Philippine "Gazette."

I've a girl in Honolulu,
    And another in San Juan;
And as latest Yankee lasses
    They are nice to look upon.
While the maiden who in Skagway
    Was an acquisition rare
Must resign, for in Manila
    I have one with longer hair.

Mayaguez and Arecibo,
    Aguadilla — what are these
But the germs of Yankee cities
    Waking after centuries?
And we speak of Kahoolawe,
    Mindanao and Luzon
In the same breath with Ohio,
    Massachusetts, Oregon.

Comes a national election,
    And a people wait, intent,

For the verdict of the ballot
As to who is President.
Then the thirty-second precinct
Of the Island of Cebu,
Boosts Schley Garcia Aguinaldo
So he barely squeezes through.

—*Edwin L. Sabin.*

★ ★ ★

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

LORD, in this our triumph hour,
Let us own Thy sovereign power.
Not to us the praise belongs;
Unto Thee the victor's songs.

Thine the arm that struck the blow;
Thine the conquest of our foe;
So to-day we raise to Thee
Hymns of thanks on land and sea.

Now that cannon roar no more,
Now that clash of arms is o'er,
On our lips Thy Name shall swell.
In our hearts Thy Name shall dwell.

In Thy hands the issue lay;
Thou hast led us all the way;
Then shall all the honor be,
God of Battles! unto Thee.

—*New York Tribune.*

THE JOLLY OLD FLAG.

THAR's somethin' in the ripple of the flag that 'pears to me
Means that Old Glory's confident,—she's wavin' "Victory!"
The winds aroun' her sing it an' wing it overhead—
Thar's a kinder jubilation in her rumpled stripes o' red!

Thar's somethin' in the ripple of the flag that 'pears to me
Says: "You jest keep the country and Dewey'll hold the sea!"
The winds aroun' her sing it to countryside an' town—
Thar's a kind of jubilation in the red stripes ripplin' down!

Somethin' in it, people! I never seen her so
Peart-like an' tickled, when the wind makes up its mind to blow!
I yell "Hurrah!" She answers from the flagstaff on the shed
With a reg'lar jubilation in her rumpled stripes o' red!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

ON THE SEA THRONE.

Not yet the viking's hands are weak,
Not yet his blood grown pale;
Not yet his ship has turned her beak
And spread a flying sail.

Not yet the Iceland peak has thawed
Before the southern sun;
Not yet the man of gales has warred
And left the field unwon.

Not yet his hand, at close of fight,
Has hauled the raven down;
The gleam beneath the bird of night
Is still the sea king's crown.

Turn back, oh, southern man, thy prow;
The viking bars the way.
The berserk lines are 'thwart his brow;
Tempt not his wrath this day.

Long ages have the Iceland fires
Lit up the northland pack;
The viking's hand is as his sire's—
Turn back thy prow; turn back!

For, till the old red blood flows white,
And war-trained eyes are dim,
The viking cheers at close of night;
The triumph is for him!

—*F. H. Costello, in Leslie's Weekly.*

CHICKAMAUGA.

THEY are camped on Chickamauga!
Once again the white tents gleam
On that field where vanished heroes
Sleep the sleep that knows no dream.
There are shadows all about them
Of the ghostly troops to-day,
But they light the common campfire —
Those who wore the blue and gray.

Where the pines of Georgia tower,
Where the mountains kiss the sky,
On their arms the nation's warriors
Wait to hear the battle cry.
Wait together, friends and brothers,
And the heroes 'neath their feet
Sleep the long and dreamless slumber
Where the flowers are blooming sweet.

Sentries, pause, yon shadow challenge!
Rock-ribbed Thomas goes that way —
He who fought the foes unyielding
In that awful battle fray.
Yonder pass the shades of heroes,
And they follow where Bragg leads
Through the meadows and the river,
But no ghost the sentry heeds.

Field of fame, a patriot army
Treads thy sacred sod to-day!

And they'll fight a common foeman,
Those who wore the blue and gray,
And they'll fight for common country,
And they'll charge to victory
'Neath the folds of one great banner —
Starry banner of the free!

They are camped on Chickamauga,
Where the green tents of the dead
Turn the soil into a glory
Where a nation's heart once bled;
But they're clasping hands together
On this storied field of strife —
Brothers brave who meet to battle
In the freedom-war of life!

— *Baltimore News.*

★ ★ ★

GOOD TIMES A-COMIN'.

Marse Sampson churned de ocean blue
A-lookin' fo' he dunno who;
From Habana to Martinique,
Lo'd, how he make dem big guns speak!

Dey said de Spanish gone to Cadiz,
If he cotch dem dey'll go to Hades,
And dar they'll think de wedder cool,
To whar dey felt on dis footstool.

Ole Massa Dewey beat 'em all,
He run 'em down and make 'em small;
And in Manila now dey pray,
"Lo'd, take Marse Dewey clean away."

But jes you wait fo' ole Marse Lee;
He'll show you somethin' wuth to see;
And when his "corn-fed" boys sing out,
Dem Spaniards dey'll go up de spout.

Sich times has nebber yet been seed,
As sho' will come when Cuba's freed;
Dis niggah'll shout in loud hosannas,
"Fi cent a duz fer fat bananas."

Wid watemillions cent apiece,
De trade will run as slick as grease;
Den add de Guv'ment pensions, too,
And we'll have no mo' wuk to do.

With Miles, Joe Wheeler, Fitzhugh Lee,
Togedder is a sight to see,
"Old Glory" in de lead—we say,
"My brederin, sistern, let us pray."

—*Rev. Old Uncle Scipio.*

A PRAYER.

And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things. — *Psalm XLV.*

ALMIGHTY God! eternal source
Of every arm we dare to wield,
Be Thine the thanks, as Thine the force,
On reeling deck or stricken field;
The thunder of the battle hour
Is but the whisper of Thy power.

Thine is our wisdom, Thine our might;
Oh, give us, more than strength and skill,
The calmness born of sense of right,
Heroic competence of will
To keep the awful tryst with death,
To know Thee in the cannon's breath.

By Thee was given the thought that bowed
All hearts upon the victor deck,
When high above the battle's shroud
The white flag fluttered o'er the wreck,
And Thine the hand that checked the cheer
In that wild hour of death and fear.

O Lord of love! be Thine the grace
To teach amid the wrath of war,
Sweet pity for a humbled race,
Some thought of those in lands afar,
Where sad-eyed women vainly yearn
For those who never shall return.

Great Master of earth's mighty school
Whose children are of every land,
Inform with love our alien rule,
And stay us with Thy warning hand
If, tempted by imperial greed,
We in Thy watchful eyes exceed,—

That, in the days to come, O Lord!
When we ourselves have passed away,
And all are gone who drew the sword,
The children of our breed may say,
These were our sires, who, doubly great,
Could strike yet spare the fallen state.

—*S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.*

★ ★ ★

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN.

From Harper's Weekly. Copyright, 1898. Harper and Brothers.

New York Harbor, August 20, 1898.

To EASTWARD ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthermost isles are free,
And the furthermost isles make answer, harbor, and height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the Mother who calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sovereign arm,

Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who
bade her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who
calls them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary
watchers rest;
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep
in the golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened
stars!
Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannon-
ade,
Peace at last! is the bugle-blast the length of the
long blockade,
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with a glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace!
Thank God for peace!"

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade
them rise and go,
How, when the stirring summons smote on her chil-
dren's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the
whole land answered "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of
the sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should
meet with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then,
on the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace
of their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the strait:—
But better the golden evening when the ships round head for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the great gray ships come in!

— *Guy Wetmore Carryl.*

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